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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVIII No. 2070 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 23 1939

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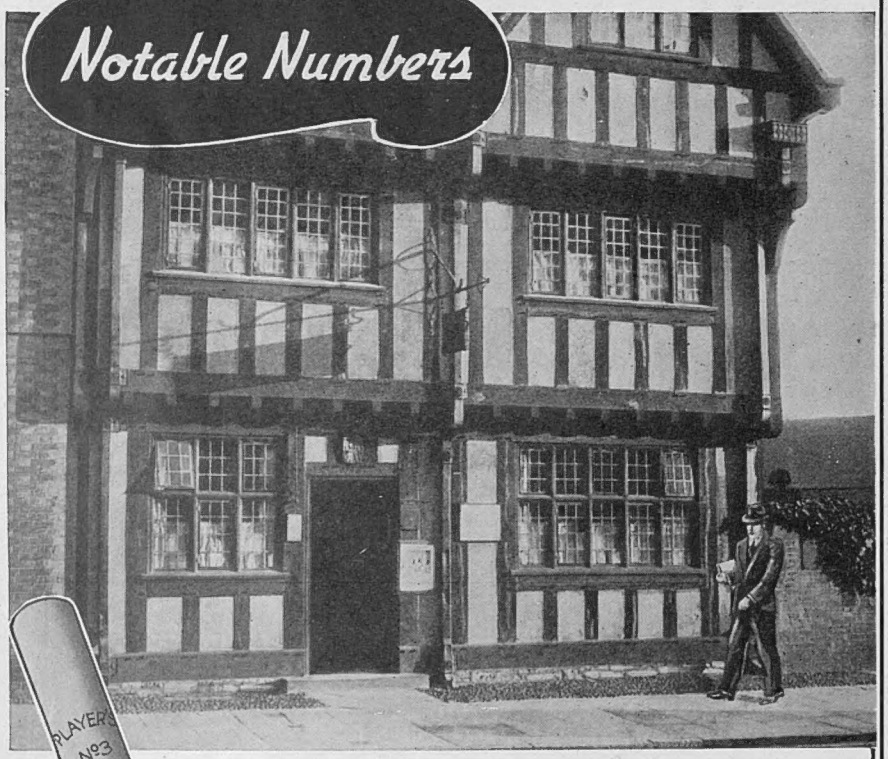
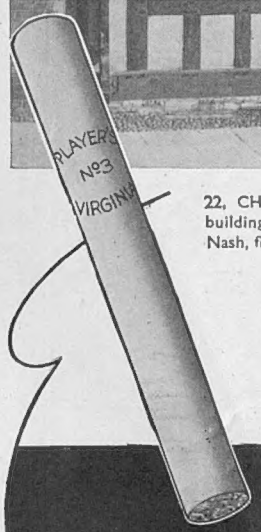


22, CHAPEL STREET, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. This fifteenth century building was familiar to Shakespeare. It belonged at one time to Thomas Nash, first husband of Shakespeare's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Familiar to smokers who enjoy a good cigarette is that other Notable Number — Player's No. 3. Exquisitely cool and mellow in smoking, the choice Virginia leaf used in their manufacture ensures that little extra quality which discerning people demand.



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URGENTLY NEEDED for training Crippled Girls

Ninety per cent. of the girls in our Crippleage are unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry! They are happy under our care, but thousands of other crippled girls dread the future because they cannot earn a living unaided.

We want to help these. And we CAN. By patience and sympathetic understanding, we train such cripples to make artificial flowers and so enable them to become partially self-supporting.

Unfortunately, it is all we can do to maintain our present strength—340 girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell. The "WAITING LIST" grows bigger and bigger.

Must we continue to turn a deaf ear to these appeals for help?

WILL YOU JOIN WITH THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THIS NOBLE WORK TO BE EXTENDED?

Annual Report gives fuller details. Please write for a copy.

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THE SPHERE
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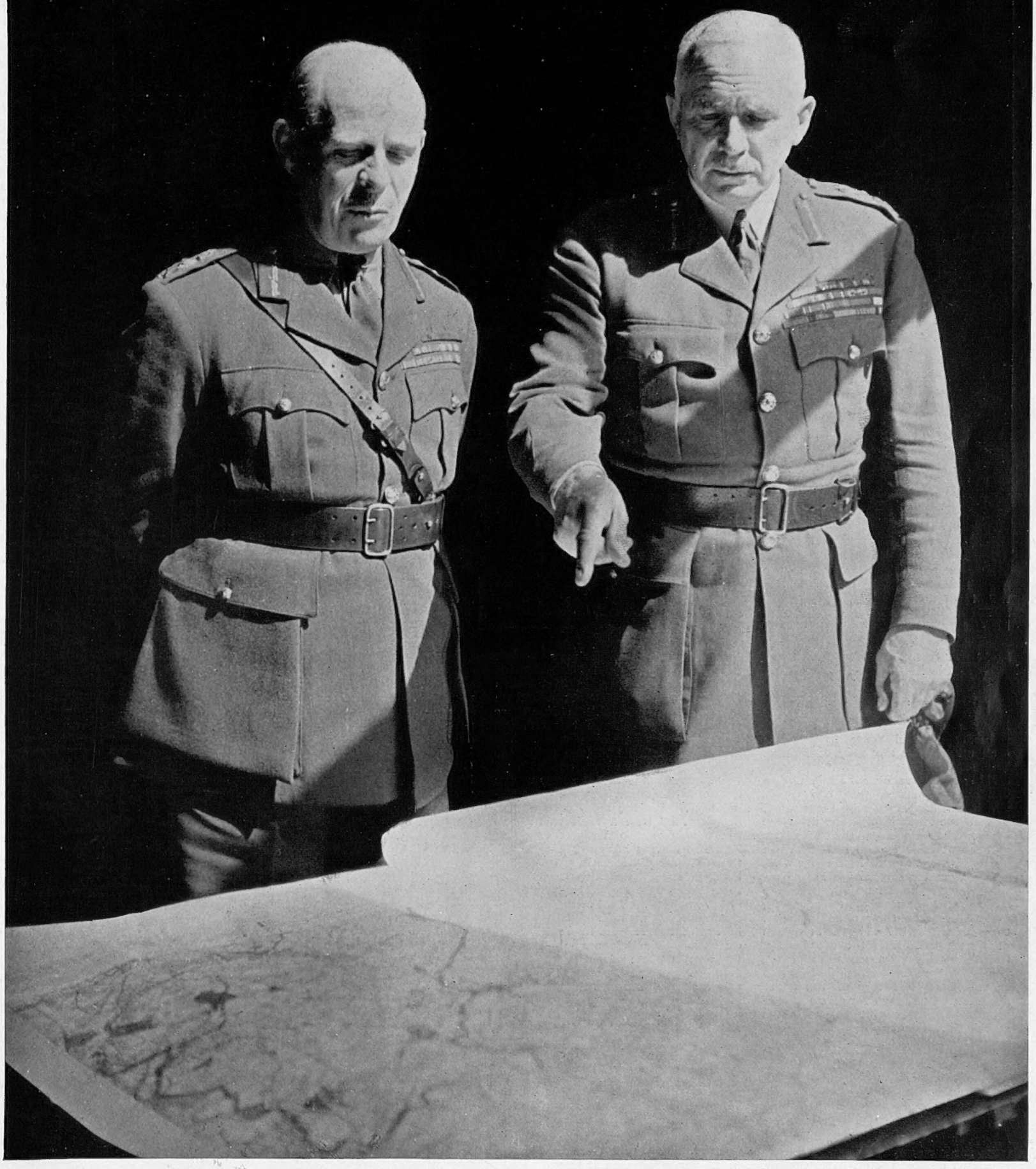
London, September 23, 1939



BRITAIN'S ARMY LEADERS in the WAR

The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gort, Studies the Map with the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Edmund Ironside

General John Standish Surtees Prendergast Vereker, Viscount Gort, V.C., who is seen on the left, is in command of the British Field Forces. He entered the army in 1905 and became a Brevet Major during the great war, being mentioned nine times in despatches and gaining the V.C. He achieved the rank of General (Grenadier Guards) in 1937, and at the same time became Chief of the Imperial General Staff. General Sir William Edmund Ironside, G.C.B., has now assumed the latter office. He has had an Empire-wide experience as well as active military work in Russia and Persia. His recent brilliant work at Gibraltar gained him the appreciation of the whole nation

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. III

THE KING AT THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY BUILDING

The King, accompanied by the Queen, last week paid a visit to the P.L.A. building on Tower Hill and inspected the activities of this huge organisation

THE QUEEN SEES THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT NAVY

A cheery smile from Her Majesty brightened the day when she visited the Merchant Navy and saw the men who are keeping Britain's shipping on the seas

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, September 20, 1939.

The Indefatigable Throne

HERE COMES RUSSIA.—

Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other, over the body of Poland. The eagles are gathered together to divide and quarrel over the spoils. Can you choose between the two creeds which, until a chance of pickings came, heaped the vilest insults, one upon the other, and then pocketed their principles and forgot their mutual loathing when the time came to grab? Communism, Nazism, what oceans of ink have been poured out to bolster up and boost the constructive purpose of their creeds, the sincerity of their aim for peace, their *principles*! And at the first smell of blood, the first sight of plunder, the flimsy disguises vanish, and the gangsters are revealed grabbing and squabbling. Take care of the pence and the pounds may take care of themselves. Grab the interest and the principle can look after itself. Here are political creeds for the pig-tub. Who stands for Communism now? What an obscene marriage of true minds.

BOMBING CIVILIANS.—

An order from Hitler's G.H.Q. in the east was stated to have ordained the unrestricted bombing of civilians, women, children, sick, and aged, in Poland. Evidence from the U.S. representative in Poland has given many instances of this practice. Actually Hitler has kept his word (given more or less in answer to President Roosevelt's appeal against the ultimate barbarism of war) for longer than usual. For nearly a fortnight he more or less honoured his word. But when progress into Poland had fallen behind schedule, it no longer suited him to keep it, and he was all ready with a justification. He revived the "franctireur" motive for mass murder. (Belgium has yet vivid memories of it a quarter of a century ago.) The Polish "animal est très méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend." Hence there is every justification for murdering Polish babies and sick persons. We are for ever being told (and telling the world) that we have no quarrel with the German people. Yet surely we are not all unanimous in the sweeping statement. We see the seeds sprouting of a "quarrel" with a vigorous race, so mean spirited, so flabby at heart, so lacking in pride, that they dare not risk something to break the chains which enslave them to an autocracy so bloody, so vile, so mad. That country loses most by methods of barbarism that most fears internal disruption. The Poles are fighting vermin. It remains to be seen if Germany earns the same title in her methods with France and Britain.

HUMANE CONVENTIONS IN WAR.—

It has been proved to the hilt in peace and war how difficult it is to negotiate or fight with a nation which can only be trusted to honour her pledged word just so long as it suits her. Because in the Munich epoch Germany broke her word when it suited her, our diplomatic battles were fought on our side with buttoned foils; on Germany's with a steel point, and we appeared for long as children diplomatically at war with a giant. Then came war. Germany agreed to avoid the bombing of open towns and civilian populations removed from military objectives, as did all combatants. But the moment she suffered a hold-up in Poland, she broke her word and began ruthlessly to bomb open towns and civilians in Poland. To-day she has re-asserted her pledge in the convention long since signed by the Powers not to use gas or chemicals in warfare. We do not at once scrap our gas-masks. We have been caught before. Mr. Chamberlain has restated our policy of humanity. Even in the face of provocation we shall do all possible to avoid the foul and final blood-lust vendetta, and we shall carry on the war relentlessly but not ruthlessly. But, observe once more how materially, if not morally, the dice are weighted in favour of the nation which breaks its word at will. During the first week of the war our planes flew freely and unchallenged over a great part of Germany, dropping nothing but polite propaganda stationery. In that week, had we so willed, we could have destroyed scores of military objectives, dislocated the traffic at a dozen railway centres, bombed many aerodromes, and greatly relieved the pressure on the Poles at a vital time when German divisions were moving east. All *that* we might have done without breaking any humane convention. We began the war with buttoned foils with the earnest desire to limit its air frightfulness in every possible way.

GÖRING—HUMOURIST.—

It is never easy to find unforced humour in the beastly business of mass-murder, and a word of gratitude is due to Göring for providing the first public example of pure humour. He is quite capable even now of trying (as was rumoured) to persuade America that the British deliberately sank the *Athenia*, and sacrificed her crew and passengers in order to blame it on German barbarism and gain an early propaganda victory. For this fleshy member of the pirate gang many of us in the past have felt less loathing, by comparison no doubt with Goebbels and Ribbentrop. We had gained the idea that he was once human. He enjoyed the flesh-pots and he enjoyed a joke. And now that the flesh-pots are likely to fail him, there are indications that he will not yet abandon buffoonery. But if he is the human member of the pirate gang, he does

PRAYING FOR THEIR COUNTRY AT THE POLISH CHURCH IN LONDON

The Polish Ambassador, members of the Embassy staff, Polish army officers, and Cardinal Hinsley were among those who attended a service for Poland at the Polish Church in Islington on Sunday morning

not possess John Silver's ready wits nor apparently quite all Silver's inflexible courage. Silver never whined, never showed yellow. Göring's speech for French ears revealed both apprehension and whining.

MINISTRY OF INFORMATION.—As the war goes on, no doubt the Ministry of Information, with its wealth of talent among best seller authors and such like, will get into its stride. At present it has no news to supply and its chief task is clearly to tell the German people and neutrals why we are fighting and determined to fight on. And this apparently can only be done *via* the British public who know to a man, woman and child exactly why we are at war and why we must continue the bloody business to the bitter end. One hopes therefore that the ministry-of-all-the-talents will find some way of telling the outside world, without continually harping on the same string to ears thoroughly familiar with the dope. War is boring enough without this relentless repetition of bromides from every minister and ministry. The public wants news, thoroughly trusts its respectable newspapers and much prefers to read its news, fairly stated, good or bad, in the press. In war there are effective sanctions against those editors who may abuse the great trust of journalism.

What the Initials Mean

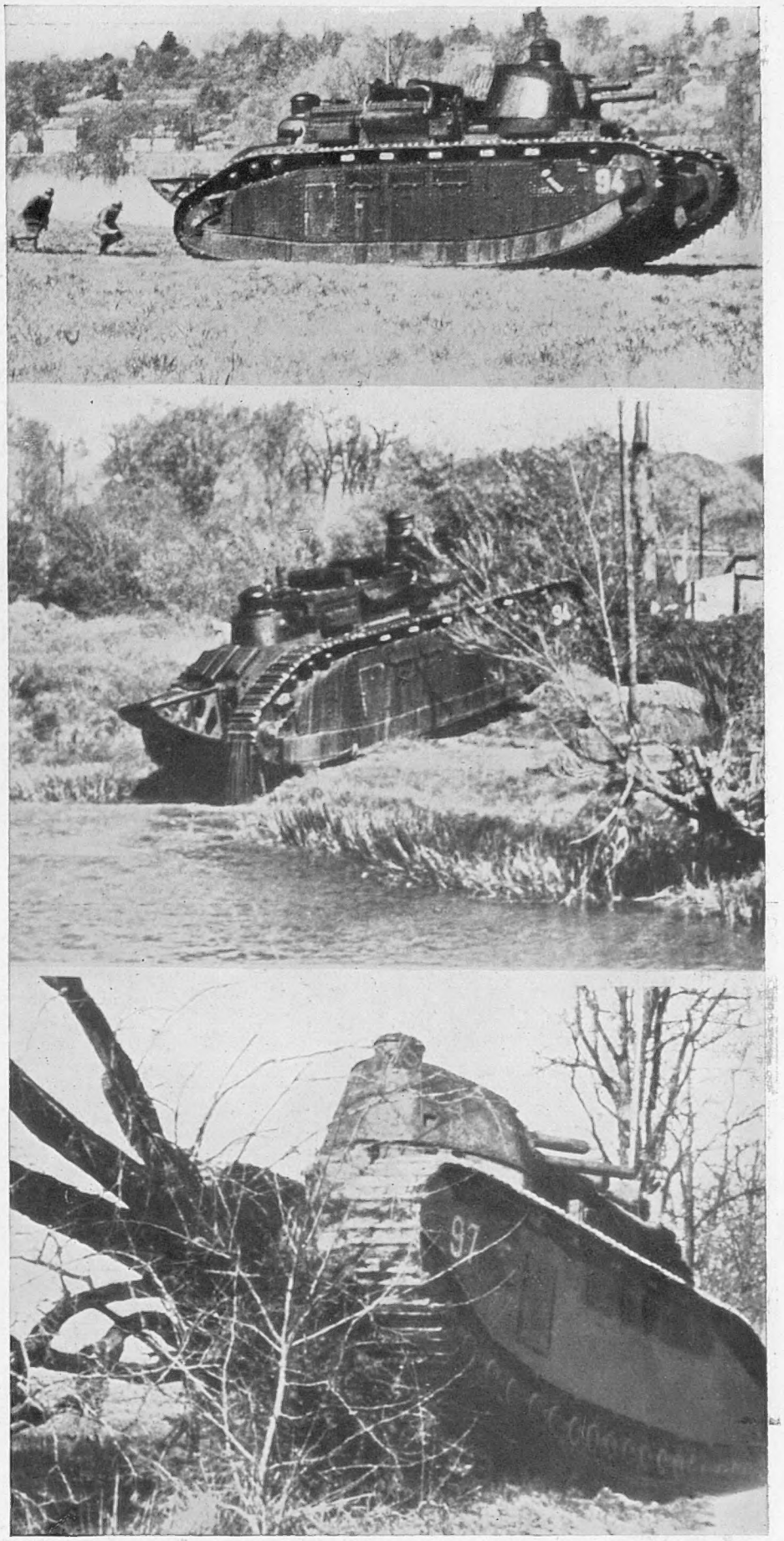
A spate of letters has appeared in the daily press on the helmets, badges, and brassards of war workers. Here are some solutions:

A.A.F.—Auxiliary Air Force.
A.F.S.—Auxiliary Fire Service.
A.T.S.—Auxiliary Territorial Services (Women).
B.E.A.M.A.—British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers Association.
C.E.B.—Central Electricity Board.
E.N.S.A.—Entertainments National Services Association.
F.A.A.—Fleet Air Arm.
N.A.A.F.I.—Naval, Army, and Air Force Institutes (pronounced Naffy).
N.A.S.—Nursing Auxiliary Service.
P.W.R.—Police War Reserve.
R.E.S.—River Emergency Service.
S.C. (on police helmet).—Special Constable.
V.A.D.—Voluntary Aid Detachment.
W.A.A.F.S.—Women's Auxiliary Air Force Services.
W.A.F.S.—Women's Auxiliary Fire Service.
W.F. (on police helmet).—War Force.
W.L.A.—Women's Land Army.
W.R.N.S.—Women's Royal Naval Service (ex Wrens of the Great War).
W.V.S.—Women's Voluntary Services.

EVACUATION PROBLEMS TO COME.—The Government is not assuming that the war will end suddenly and it does not wish the public to do so. So the public in reception areas are right not to neglect the many problems which lie ahead in regard to evacuation. Here is a typical case. The village of Auburn in Southshire is long and straggling. Three-quarters of it has no public services of light, water, drainage, or refuse collection. Every available house and cottage has evacuees. The village now has a population more than 50 per cent. of the normal. The servant problem is acute. All the ladies who normally employ servants are doing local duties, Red Cross, A.R.P. and the like. Yet their duties at home already are more than their strength can long sustain. The scheme has worked so far, thanks to abnormal fine weather. What when the rains come and the darkness closes in at four o'clock? What when epidemics start? There are no adequate hospital facilities. No transport for the children living 2 miles from the school. No adequate facilities in sanitation when outdoor conveniences can no longer be used by evacuees. Primitive drainage designed for eight or ten must accommodate twenty. There is no accommodation in nine-tenths of the houses for the evacuees to sit or play indoors. The small children of the receivers already mix inextricably with the evacuated children who will carry back the inevitable contagions from the village school, packed to capacity by London and country children. The men who normally turn the engines which make electric light and raise water are being called away. No woman can do this work. These are a few of the obvious difficulties ahead, which, if not planned for, will make a nightmare and a tragedy of village life this winter. Everybody still wishes to help, no one seeks to criticise Sir John Anderson or Mr. Elliot. But as yet there is no faint hint that these ministers realise that evacuation in brilliant summer weather is one thing, evacuation in autumn and winter an entirely new problem. *And autumn is coming.* Meanwhile in London parents are spending their full incomes on themselves while the Government boards their families free on village mothers, already worked to death. Has not the time already come to levy a contribution from parents to enable means to be taken in the country to guard against the patent dangers ahead—e.g. by the taking over and equipment of empty houses, provision of transport, improvement of essential services, and so on?

UNDER A BUSHEL.—Hiding your light under a bushel is not so easy as I once thought. For one thing the bushels were all bought up and one had to find substitutes. And another surprise was the enormous number of unsuspected skylights, gratings and chinks which a house of moderate size contains. Small wonder if we are still at work after nearly a fortnight of war trying to make our own private black-out something less of a nightly labour. At present it takes one person nearly half an hour to complete the job, and that is, on the long view, an unthinkable affliction and an appalling mortgage of valuable time. How I wish I had a house possessed of those dear old wooden burglar shutters (with bar and bell) which were the delight of my youth! The materials which have gone towards making my black-out the piebald affair it is, include: 288 drawing pins, 1 lb. lacquer paint, half an acre brown paper, most of our fuscous apparel, many square yards of three-ply wood and many grain sacks. And still the little candle tends to throw its light on a naughty world.

THE LONG EVENINGS: BOOKS FOR FRIENDS.—The literary men are massing to the attack, to press home the great truth that, when friends and entertainment and conversation with your fellow-men fail, there remains one loyal friend and solace for long solitary war evenings. "E'en at the worst to the worst, books and a chamber remain." What are the best concomitants of war-time literature? That they should deal with any world but the immediate present, that they should possess sustained interest to divert your mind, that they should have length, be on the side of right, honour, and decency, not lack humour but lack cynicism. The Victorians are admirable for our purpose. Take this list as an effort by one whose trade is books and who has devoted careful thought to the subject and all conditions precedent:—Thackeray: *Esmond*, perhaps *Vanity Fair*; Scott: *Guy Mannering*; Henry Kingsley: *Ravenshoe*; Clark Russell: *Wreck of the Grosvenor*; H. Dana: *Two Years Before the Mast*; C. Brontë: *Jane Eyre*; Shorthouse: *John Inglesant*; W. Collins: *The Moonstone*; S. Le-fanu: *Uncle Silas*; E. Gosse: *Father and Son*; S. Butler: *The Way of All Flesh*; Trollope: *Autobiography* and the *Barchester* series; Emily Eden; *Semi-Attached Couple* and *Semi-Detached House*; A. Bennett: *The Old Wives Tale*; Wells: *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*; Conan Doyle: *Rodney Stone*; Stevenson: *Ballentrae, St. Ives*; Galsworthy: *The Country House*; G. Moore: *Esther Waters*; Conrad: *Chance, Victory, Typhoon, Nigger of the Narcissus*; E. M. Forster: *Passage to India*; Brett Young: *Black Diamond*; Masefield: Any of his sea or adventure stories; C. S. Forester: All and any; *Angela Thirkell*: All and any.



DID YOU HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE WIRELESS THAT THE FRENCH WERE USING 70-TON TANKS?

Well, here is a group of pictures showing heavy French tanks proving what they can do. They push a fair-sized tree over, like an elephant crushing his way through dense forest. These are 60-ton tanks, and it is possible that the matter of weight got a little swollen in transmission! They are certainly immense brutes, mounting veritable cannon in their bows

MOTORISTS ON THEIR HONOUR.—Let us hope that those motorists summoned for minor offences whose trials have been postponed *sine die* will not assume that "Go as you please" is the road code for the duration. There is something intoxicating about driving on war business. It goes to young heads wearing helmets and Red Cross caps. I was struck by the number of young women driving "all out" past Buckingham Palace last week. The truth is, the decision was intended to put motorists still more on their honour to play the game; and to save expense and valuable time. Speeding henceforth is not only dangerous selfishness, it is criminal waste of petrol. Your petrol ration will do 25 per cent. more mileage if you reduce speed to 30 m.p.h. from your usual 50 m.p.h. Thoughtlessness is the curse of the roads in peace; in war, thoughtlessness is treachery to the State.

THE OLD STAGER

THOMAS ATKINS MARCHES TOWARDS FRANCE — A FIRST CONTINGENT BOUND FOR OVERSEAS

It was stated last week that the first bodies of British troops had landed in France, but had not at the time gone into action

THE MEN AT HOME WHO ARE RAPIDLY GAINING THE TECHNIQUE OF THEIR MORE EXPERIENCED BROTHERS-IN-ARMS

Open-air life and exercise combined with the effect of all the military life around them are quickly marking these once civilians with soldierly qualities

STEPPING OUT WITH A SWING SOMEWHERE IN WALES

Unlike the body of men seen above, who are wearing battle dress, this column is bare-kneed, with shorts and puttees. Garb may vary but the actuating spirit is the same

FACETS

BERLIN REALISES THAT AT LEAST THERE IS A WAR IN POLAND

Entrance to Berlin's Air Ministry Destroyed

The entrance to the German Air Ministry in Leipzigerstrasse in Berlin has been destroyed, presumably by a bomb, telegraphed the Berlin correspondent of *Politiken*. A women is believed to have been killed. Several hundred windows on the side of the building facing Leipzigerstrasse were smashed. The explosion also broke windows of buildings opposite the Air Ministry.

The Air Ministry is patrolled night and day by Air Force sentries with fixed bayonets, and it would be difficult for anyone to approach unseen.

It is one of the earliest of the Nazi buildings symbolising the reconstruction of German air power and is Field-Marshal Göring's special pride. It has 500 rooms.

A Personal Narrative from the "Courageous"

PAYMASTER Sub-Lieutenant I. F. Westmacott, the Captain's secretary, was having his supper in the *Courageous* when he heard two explosions which, he said, seemed to lift the ship.

"All lights went out and crockery fell over," he continued. "I got out of the wardroom and made my way to the seaplane platform on top of the quarter deck.

"People waiting there did not seem to realise that the ship would sink so soon. Suddenly an order was given for everyone to get into the water. Some men went to the floats and others got boats out.

"I stripped and jumped into the water. I was in it about 40 minutes, swimming all the time until I reached one of the destroyers.

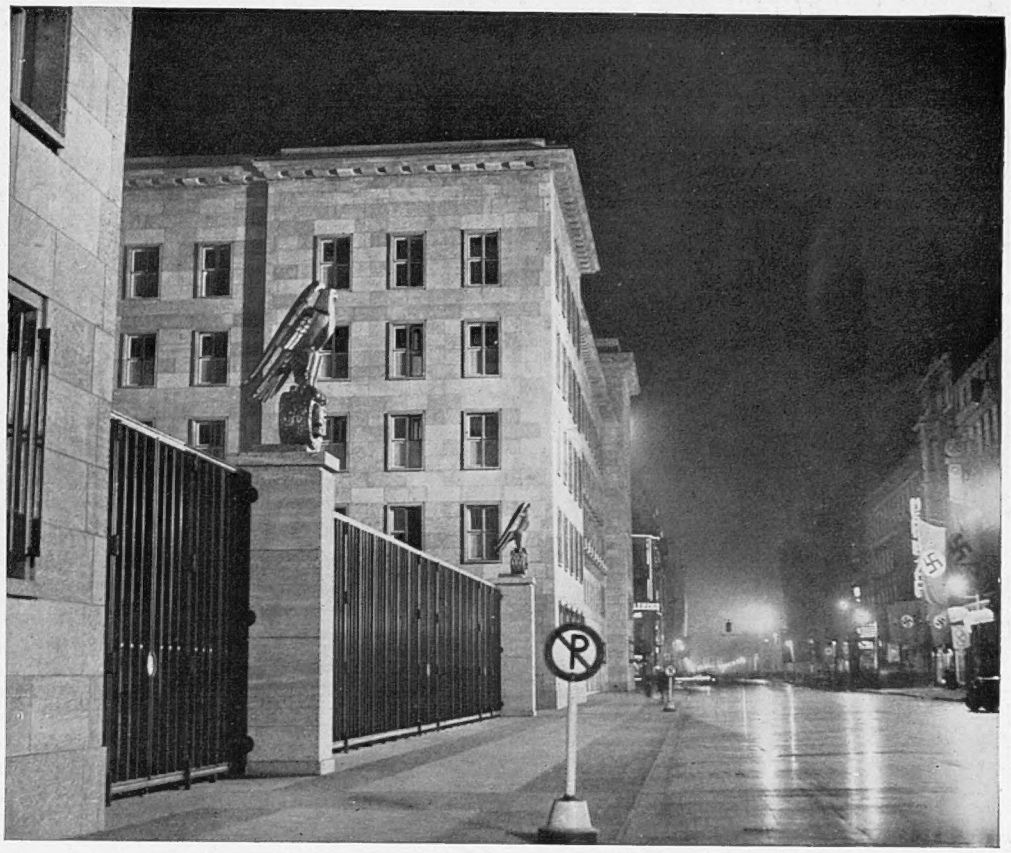
"Everybody behaved with calm, and the men cracked jokes. There was no panic or disorder."

Almost immediately after the attack the *Courageous* began to list to port, and within 5 mins. the captain gave orders to abandon her, stated another survivor.

"Her bows submerged, her stern cocked up into the air, and she foundered within 15 to 20 mins. of being hit."

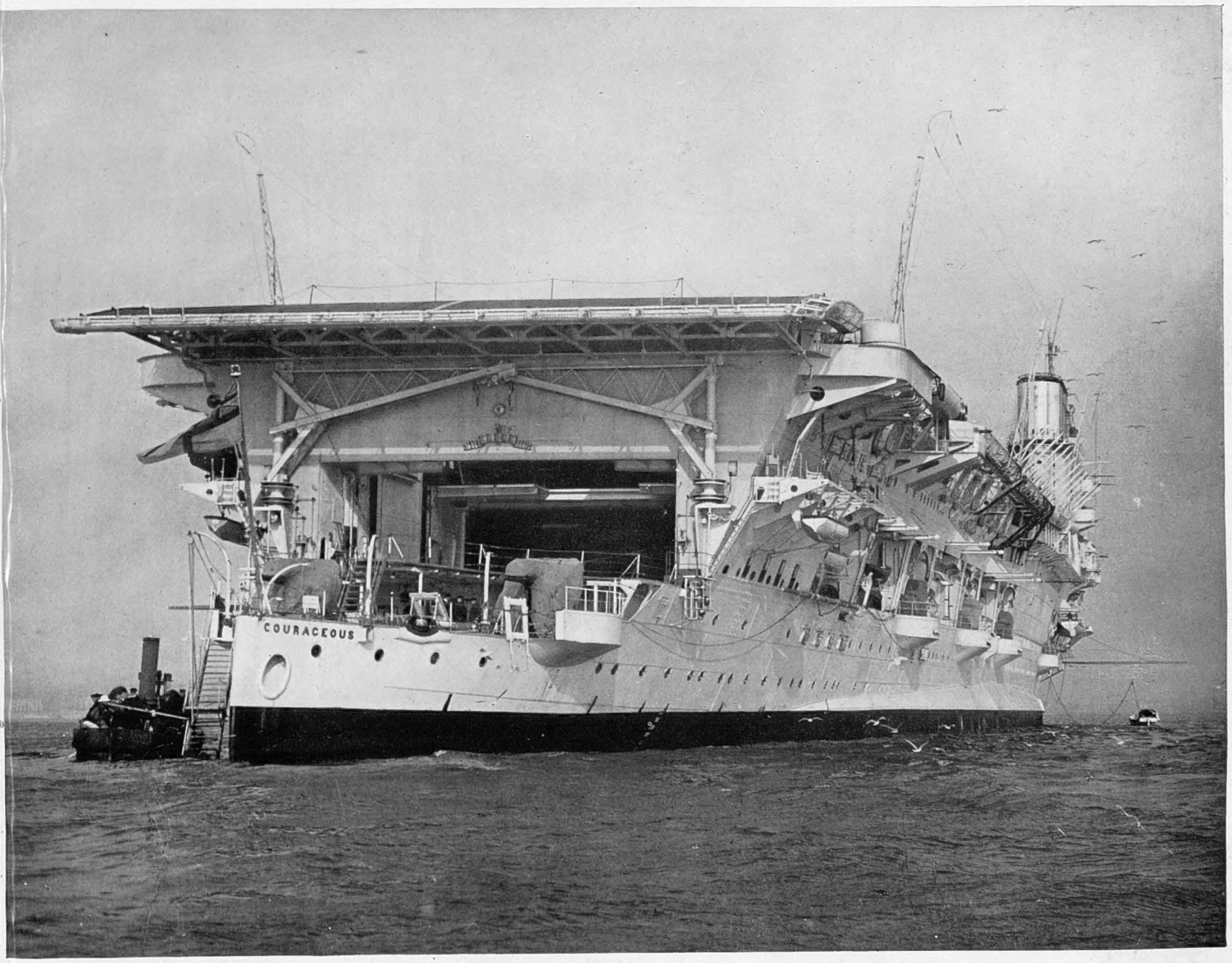
OF THE WAR at Home and in the Enemy's Capital

German wounded have been coming back to the capital in Red Cross trains. This is a German-taken picture and not a London staff photographer's work, as is the case with most of our Polish war illustrations



AN UNPLEASANT NIGHT SHOCK FOR BERLIN—THE BOMBED AIR MINISTRY BUILDING ENTRANCE

During the black-out on Saturday night a bomb was exploded in front of the huge building of the German Air Ministry with serious effect. *See note on left*



THE DISASTER TO THE AIR-CRAFT CARRIER SERVICE OF THE FLEET AIR ARM

H.M.S. *Courageous*, one of the older converted cruiser type of aircraft carriers, was torpedoed at about 8 p.m. on Sunday night, the submarine evidently risking destruction from the attendant destroyers. The ship sank rapidly and men had to leap into the water. Hundreds were rescued by a destroyer and others by adjacent craft *See note on left*

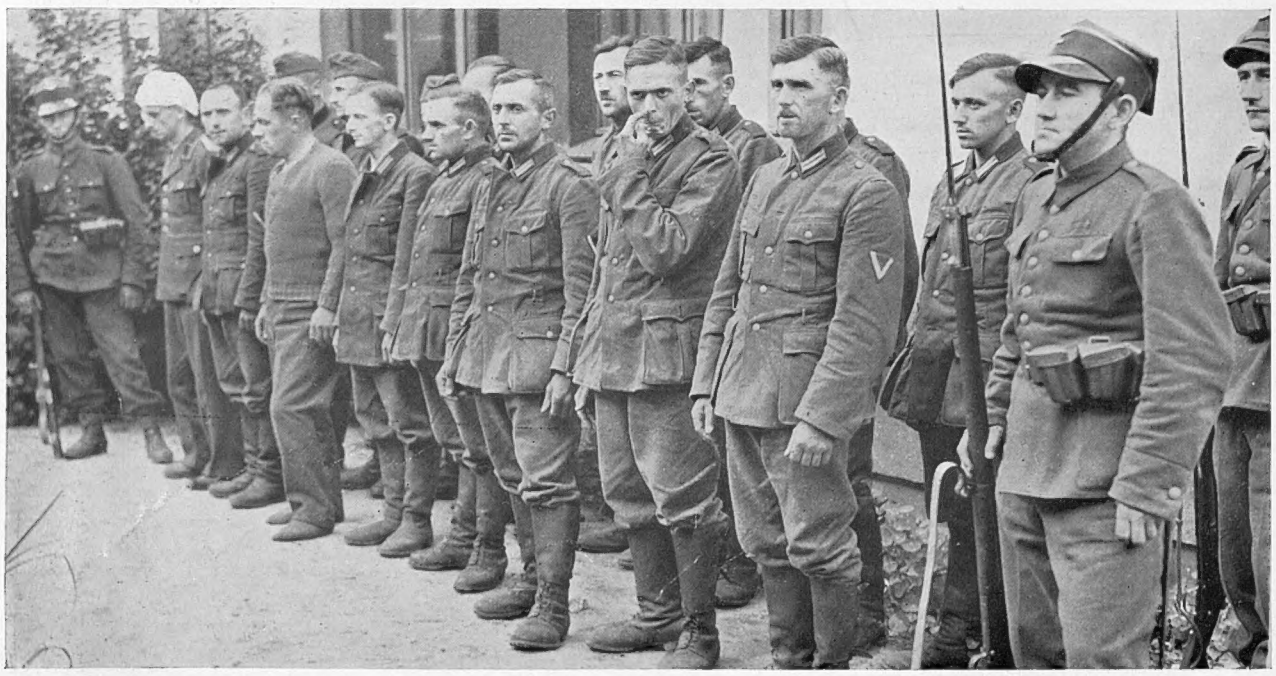
War Pictures fro

Scenes Showing Air Raid the Capture by the Polish

AN INCENDIARY BOMB DOES ITS FIERY WORK

The incendiary bomb is one of the great dangers from the air and has to be met by intensive effort. The bareheaded man on the left is a Polish butcher whose daughter has been injured by aerial attack

INJURED CHILDREN WALKING TO FIRST-AID AND SHELTER IN WARSAW



GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE POLES LAST WEEK

The group presents an interesting divergence of countenance and physique as exhibited by this picture of German first-line troops captured by the Poles last week. On the right is the young Polish guard

GERMAN OFFICERS CAPTURED BY THE POLES

m Battered Poland

Damage by German Planes and Army of German Fighting Men

Mr. Calcraft, who was wounded while taking these pictures, said that he could "set his watch by the regularity of the German planes passing over Warsaw on their work of destruction." *Below*—A woman shocked and injured as the result of an air raid

The fortune of war in Poland proved erratic during the initial stages owing to the open nature of the fighting. Germany ran on with mobile columns unsupported by larger forces, with the result that many were cornered and captured

A WARSAW MOTHER TRIES TO FIND HER POSSESSIONS AMONG THE DEBRIS OF HER HOME

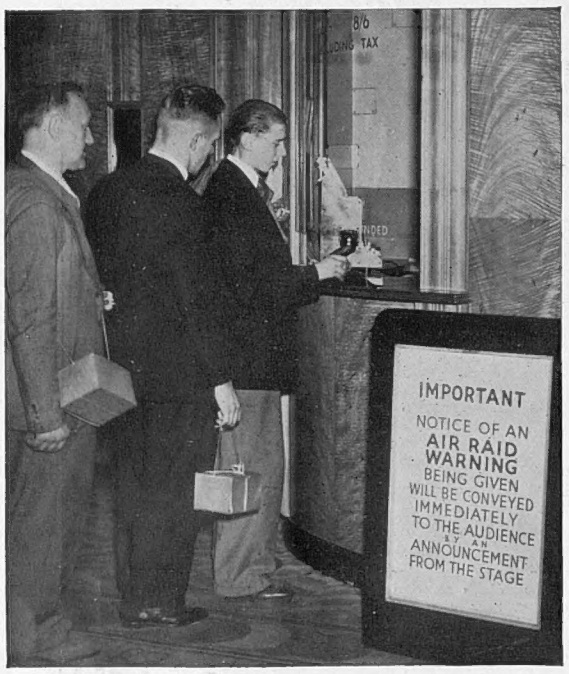
Many a scene of this description has been witnessed in the historic Polish capital and its surrounding towns and villages as a result of intensive bombing. This woman's children were watching while their mother searched

WRECKAGE OF A JEWISH HOME IN WARSAW

Despite Germany's statement that they did not wage war on undefended towns and villages, systematic bombing and machine gunning of helpless civilians was carried out by the German Air Force. The above building was a home for Jewish children which suffered severely during the ruthless German advance into Poland

BOOKS FOR THE SOLDIERS

A library has been organised by the British Red Cross. Parcels are here arriving from various donors



TAKE YOUR GAS-MASK TO THE CINEMA

Cinema-goers are reminded that they must bring their masks with them

NON-STOP REVIEW HAS BEGUN AGAIN AT THE WINDMILL THEATRE

Rehearsing a topical item in which tin hats and gas-masks appear. This merry show is likely to be very popular

THE ALLIES: The Countries Which Are Definitely With Britain and France in a Military Sense

ALLIES WITH GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND POLAND

Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, Egypt, Iraq, Palestine—Jews and Arabs

Australia.—Australia immediately made her decision to join with Great Britain. On September 4, Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, cabled to Mr. Chamberlain: "Your broadcast has moved Australia deeply. We have proclaimed a state of war. I have broadcast that we stand with Britain." The question of an expeditionary force would be considered once the defences of Australia were secure.

New Zealand.—From New Zealand there came at once the declaration that there was no alternative to war in defence of the principles of democracy, justice and freedom. Mr. Savage, the Prime Minister, broadcast: "We range ourselves fearlessly beside Britain; where she goes we go, and where she stands we stand." The Government decided to raise an oversea force by voluntary enlistment.

Canada.—Canada formally declared war against Germany a week later than Australia, on September 10, but she had immediately on the outbreak showed her desire to co-operate with Great Britain, all parties being firmly united in their common desire to stand by Britain. "We are British subjects and part of the British Empire," said Dr. Manon, the leader of the Opposition.

South Africa.—South Africa had a more difficult problem than her sister Dominions owing to the clash of the racial question. General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, proposed neutrality but was defeated by General Smuts, who stated that: "This House, which was free to have decided otherwise, take a stand for the defence of freedom and the destruction of Hitlerism." General Smuts has now become Prime Minister and South Africa is at war with Germany.

India.—The loyalty of the Indian princes was at once shown by their offers of troops and money—Nepal is ready to send 8,000 Gurkhas for service with the British forces. Mr. Gandhi told the Viceroy that his personal sympathies were with Great Britain. "India's deliverance will come but what will it be worth if England and France fall?" The Aga Khan has called upon his followers for unstinted service, the Parsees, Muslims and Hindus, have all shown that there is a firm rallying to the support of Britain and France. In spite of the German wireless propaganda men are flocking to recruit.

Egypt.—The Government of Egypt has severed its relations with Germany, and has asked the German Legation to leave. The Prime Minister stated that: "The government as well as every Egyptian are heart and soul with Britain in the great struggle for justice and preservation of liberty and freedom. Egypt and its people are loyal and sincere friends of Britain and will do everything within their powers to help her." Germans have left Egypt, or are interned, and their businesses have been taken over by the Egyptian Government.

Iraq.—Iraq has broken relations with Germany, the German Minister has been given his passport, and the Iraqi Minister in Berlin has been ordered to return home. The Prince Regent telegraphed to King George to express "our unshakable attachment, Government and people alike, to the letter and spirit of the treaty of alliance uniting us," and asserting firm determination to co-operate "until right and justice shall prevail."

Palestine.—Both Jews and Arabs have sent assurances of support. The Emir of Transjordan has sent a message to King George assuring him of loyalty and support in the same spirit in which his father, King Hussan of the Hedjaz took part with King George V in the last war. The Arab press in Palestine declares that "Arabs are on the side of Britain and France." The Jews also are ready to defend Palestine and to help Britain. The Chief Rabbi has cabled to convey to the King the fervent prayers of the Palestine Jews for victory for right against might.

From all parts of the British Empire have come messages of loyalty from the Government and people —British Africa, Rhodesia, Jamaica, British Guiana, Barbadoes, Fiji, Mauritius, etc.

MURMANSK as I knew it

RUMOUR has it that the giant German liner *Bremen* has reached the Arctic port, Murmansk, in the far north of the U.S.S.R. Fortune's wheel happened to take me there during the great war, so I can well visualise the scene which may have been unfolded to the captain of the *Bremen* as he sailed in from the Bereuts Sea.

A break in the bleak coast-line will have shown him an estuary, several miles wide, running south between ranges and hills, not snowclad at present and almost bare of vegetation. The entrance to the Murmansk estuary is marked at its western side by a tiny settlement called Alexandrovsk.

For twenty miles the great liner will have steamed up a narrowing finger of water till at last a group of mountains on its western side loom close ahead. They mark the port of Murmansk.

Open water, about a mile wide, continues south for several miles to the beginning of the true Kola River. Here, opposite the prominent peaks, anchor is dropped in a landlocked fairway so that the great liner can swing with the tide. On the east side of the estuary are many acres of land which rise gently from the water to low rounded hills. These in turn give place to ranges extending into the interior.

On the low ground the town and the port buildings have been built.

When I knew it there were simply a few rough wharves where small vessels, or lighters from larger ones anchored in the stream, could discharge, mostly by human labour. There were one or two cranes for heavy articles. That primitive start has, however, been long since modernised and to-day equipment is is keeping with the considerable trade which has developed since Russia settled down.

Apart from wharf sheds and harbour offices, the buildings of the town are low, squat, and compact to withstand the rigours of the Arctic winter. When that sets in only the single line railway (southwards into Russia) connects the port with the U.S.S.R. Land transport ceases except for reindeer sleighs pulled by several animals in single file. On a well-marked trail the driver may sit on the load, but if the leading animal has any ideas about direction which differ from his, then he leaps off the sleigh and runs alongside the team till he can hit the leader over the horns or head with a long wooden pole and so force it to return to the straight and narrow path.

Should the *Bremen* be in this port, should she have sailed beneath the guns at Alexandrovsk which guard the entrance from the sea, then she must be anchored close to where H.M.S. *Glory*, our depot ship during the war, lay at anchor till, like others of the White Sea Fleet, she was filled with concrete to block the Belgian ports. *Vindictive*, *Thetis*, *Iphigenia* were her consorts.

At the time I was there the "Packet of Woodbines" and the Russian battleship *Chersnick* (if that is how one spells the name) were lying near *Glory* and H.M.S. *Cochrane*. The first-named, a Russian ship whose real name I have forgotten, got out of Port Arthur owing to her great speed. Her nickname was derived from her five long funnels. The *Chersnick* was sunk at Port Arthur, but was salvaged by the Japanese and sold back to her original owners.

With these neighbours at Murmansk I spent many weeks waiting for passage to England. It was then that I saw the Northern Lights in all their beauty, that incredible halo of changing coloured lights which were our sole colour relief during the depressing sequence of bright grey and dull grey which were for long periods the sole evidence of day following night. When, after days and days of such dreariness, at last the weak red ball of the sun threw its feeble light over our decks, it seemed that hope had returned to the world again. That was one of the glorious moments of my adventurous life.

Occasionally we used to go ashore for our winter sports on the snow-clad slopes beneath the mountains opposite Murmansk. Above all, I remember careering down a steep place on a sheet of corrugated iron, in company with several yelling men in the highest spirits after being cooped up in the man-o'-war.

It was at this port that I first saw the sea (the water is quite salt in this estuary) freezing over. Then it seemed to me that a plague of jelly-fish had invaded our harbour. Wherever I looked countless circles of ice floated, white and delicate, maybe as large as saucers. Then, as the hours went by, they grew and grew till at lengh the clear water between them ceased to exist. My jelly-fish plague had taken possession of the surface of the sea so thoroughly that soon in their unceasing growth they became jammed all together. They became a scum, a white-grey crust which undulated with the movement of the sea which it was congealing. Even this reaction became less and less evident till at last everything went firm and set. The sea had frozen over.

But at Murmansk the ice never became thick, nor did it last long. That is why, if the *Bremen* has fled there, continual watch will be kept — she can slip out to sea practically whenever she hopes to outwit our Navy.

Michael Terry

The Germans Encounter Rough Going on Polish Roads

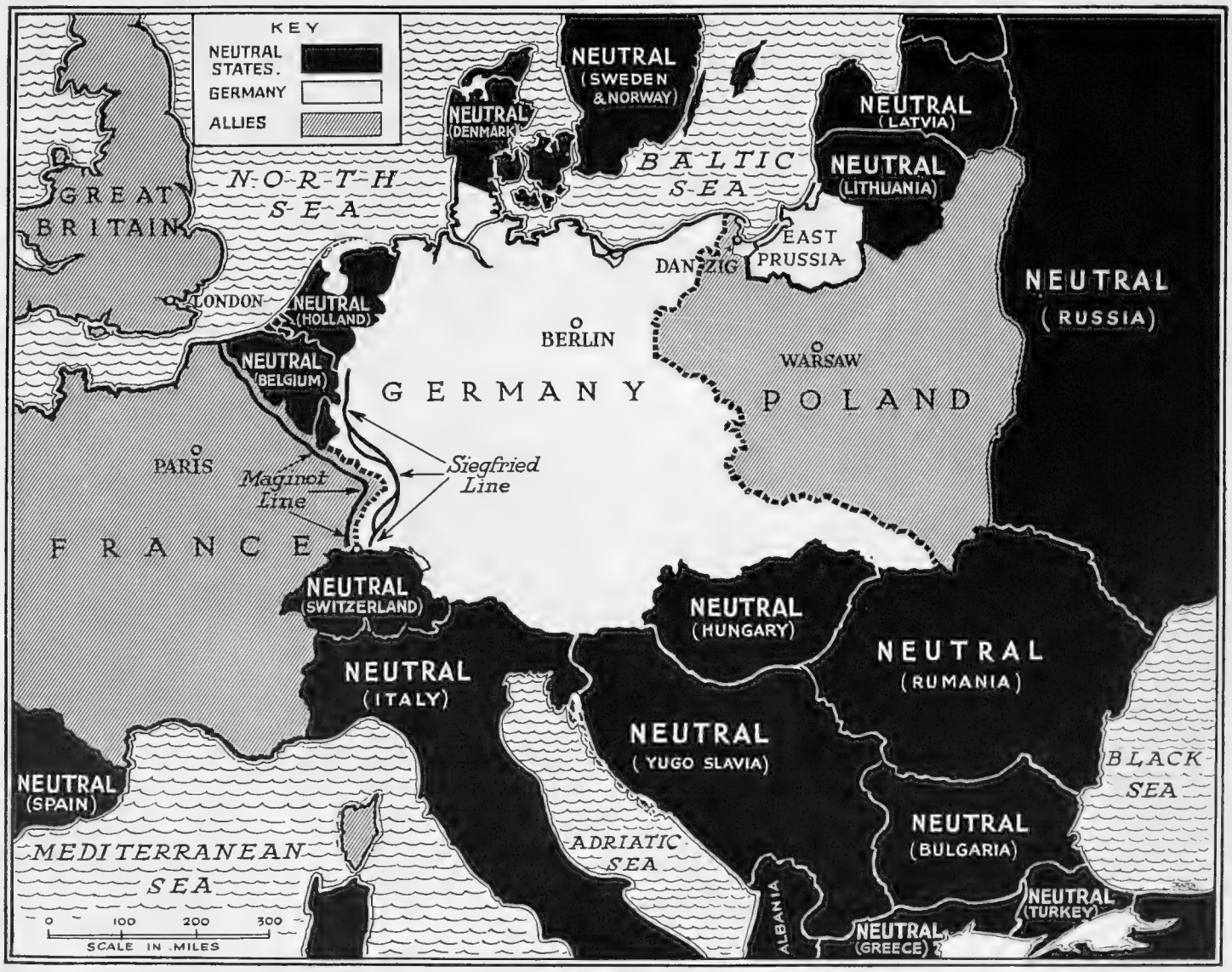
A GERMAN ARMOURED CAR PASSES A POLISH ROAD OBSTRUCTION

This armoured car has evidently just passed a road obstruction, parts of which can be seen drawn to the left of the road. A small squad of men are at work filling in the cavities left by the concrete slabs after removal. What the white cross on the radiator indicates we are unable to say

HEAVY GOING ON A POLISH ROAD DURING THE FIRST ADVANCE

This picture gives good evidence of the conditions of many of the Polish roads. A staff car has sunk to its wings, while four-horse military waggons are finding some very deep ruts. When the wet weather comes, the Germans will find the going even more difficult

THE QUESTION of the NEUTRALS: Where they stand



The position of the smaller neutrals is one which calls for close examination. They have in large part shown a very marked desire to remain neutral if events render such a course possible. Others have exhibited distinct sympathies for the Allied cause, while at the same time clinging somewhat desperately to an official neutrality. Under pressure from Germany their position may become very difficult

NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

With or Without Particular Sympathy

United States of America, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Argentine, Chile, Mexico, Afghanistan, Iran, Siam, Eire

United States of America. — President Roosevelt has declared the United States neutral in Canada's conflict with Germany and has also enforced the existing arms ban, which places an embargo on export of munitions of war. There is considerable disapproval of this attitude, many newspapers voicing the opinion that the democracies should not be denied the opportunity of acquiring the weapons of self-defence. The great majority of the nation are anti-war, but are also anti-Hitler. The President would appear to be waiting for public opinion to crystallise.

Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania.—All have agreed to strict neutrality, at the same time taking measures to protect their frontiers against any aggression.

Switzerland.—As in all wars Switzerland remains neutral, but has mobilised her army to guard the frontiers, where bridges are barricaded. There is great satisfaction that Italy is remaining neutral, for most of Switzerland's food and raw material comes through Genoa. The general feeling in the country is that there is no doubt of Germany's war guilt.

Hungary.—Hungary is neutral with mixed feeling. She is friendly with Germany, but has also a long-standing friendliness with Poland, and she has a definite hatred of Bolshevism. She wishes to be friendly with her neighbours, but she also desires revision of the Versailles Treaty to regain her lost territory. She is firmly suppressing Nazi activities.

Yugoslavia.—The Government has announced that it desires friendly relations with all Powers, and to remain neutral in any conflict which does not concern her independence. There does not seem to be a very strong attachment to the Axis. Italy has been ordering a great increase of fats, presumably intended for Germany.

NEUTRALS

Friendly to Germany (more or less)

Italy, Japan, Spain, Russia

Italy.—The neutrality of Italy at the outbreak of war caused no immediate surprise. There had been little sign of war preparation and the people relied upon the Duce keeping them at peace. Italian ships are again upon the sea and trains are running between France and Italy.

Japan.—Japan has announced her intention not to be involved in the war in Europe. The making of the pact between Germany and Soviet Russia broke Japan's faith in the Anti-Comintern Pact and has forced her into a re-adjustment of her relations with other foreign Powers.

Spain.—Spain has declared herself neutral, and is prepared to carry out the laws of international agreement. Hitler's pact with Russia, the arch enemy of Nationalist Spain, has shaken Spain's trust in Germany, but there is an attachment for Italy in return for the help given during the civil war.

Russia. — The Soviet Government announced its decision to remain neutral, and has retained an air of distant watchfulness; at the same time more and more men are called up, for what exact purpose no clear answer has been given.

NEUTRALS

With Sympathies for the Allies

Turkey, Portugal, Rumania, Greece, Belgium

Turkey.—No declaration of war has been made by Turkey, but the country is steadily preparing to take her part to carry out her engagement with Great Britain.

Portugal.—England's old ally, Portugal, has not entered the war, but is in complete accord with the British Government. The whole of the Press and public express the greatest sympathy with us.

Rumania. — Rumania intends to be neutral, while defending her frontiers. Her sympathies are largely with the Allies, as was shown at the cinemas. The people have been much impressed by the fact that "Britain has kept her word," but oil barges are continuing to pour into Germany.

Greece.—Greece, in common with all the small countries, is neutral, though she had accepted Britain's offer of protection, at the same time as Poland.

Belgium.—The British Government fully appreciates the reasons for Belgium's neutrality, but as M. Max, Burgomaster of Brussels, stated in Parliament, "Without renouncing her friendship Belgium will carry out her duty. But nobody can impose on us neutrality in our thoughts."

Bulgaria.—Bulgaria desires neutrality, and friendly relations with all Powers. She hopes to safeguard her independence and to profit from resulting peace.

Argentine.—There is official neutrality in the Argentine, but the sinking of the *Athenia* has removed all sympathy from Germany. A correspondent of *The Times* writes, "The atmosphere of Buenos Aires is almost that of an Allied capital." The ships of the belligerents have their wireless aerials dismantled when in port.

Chile and Mexico. — These countries are neutral. President Cardenas of Mexico wishes to sell oil to those countries at war who "deserve Mexico's sympathy." The German barter deal for oil is reported to be cancelled, presumably from the difficulty of getting the oil to Germany

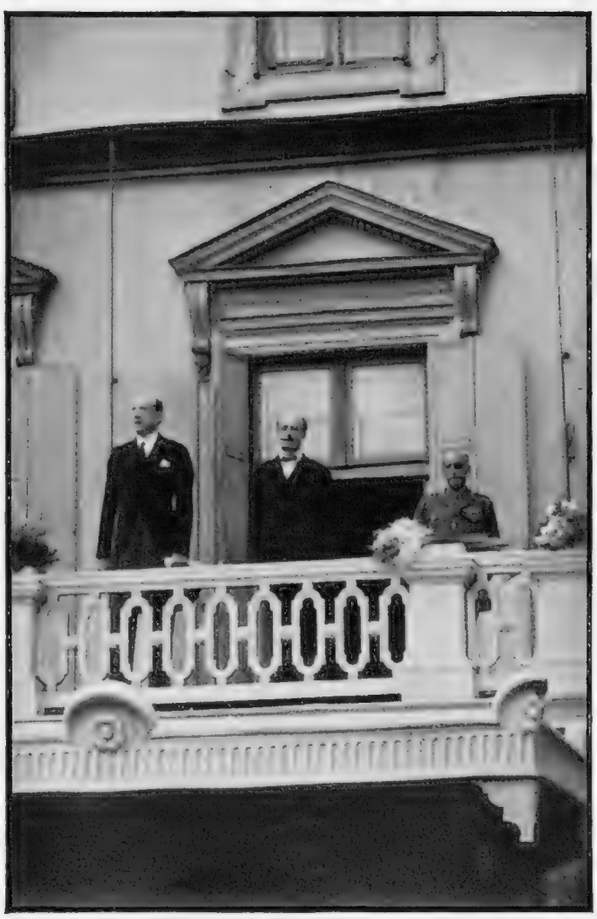
Afghanistan, Iran, Siam. — These have announced neutrality. The British Government has assured Siam and other neutral countries that their neutrality will be completely respected as long as it is by the enemy.

Eire.—Eire is the only country having any association with Great Britain which has announced neutrality. The German Minister in consequence remains in Dublin. Eire is already somewhat commercially embarrassed and has suffered through lack of German buyers of cattle. There is general agreement with Mr. de Valera's policy of neutrality but the sympathies are varied.

WARSAW DIGS IN : *Scenes in the Polish Capital After the Order to Defend the City Had Gone Forth*

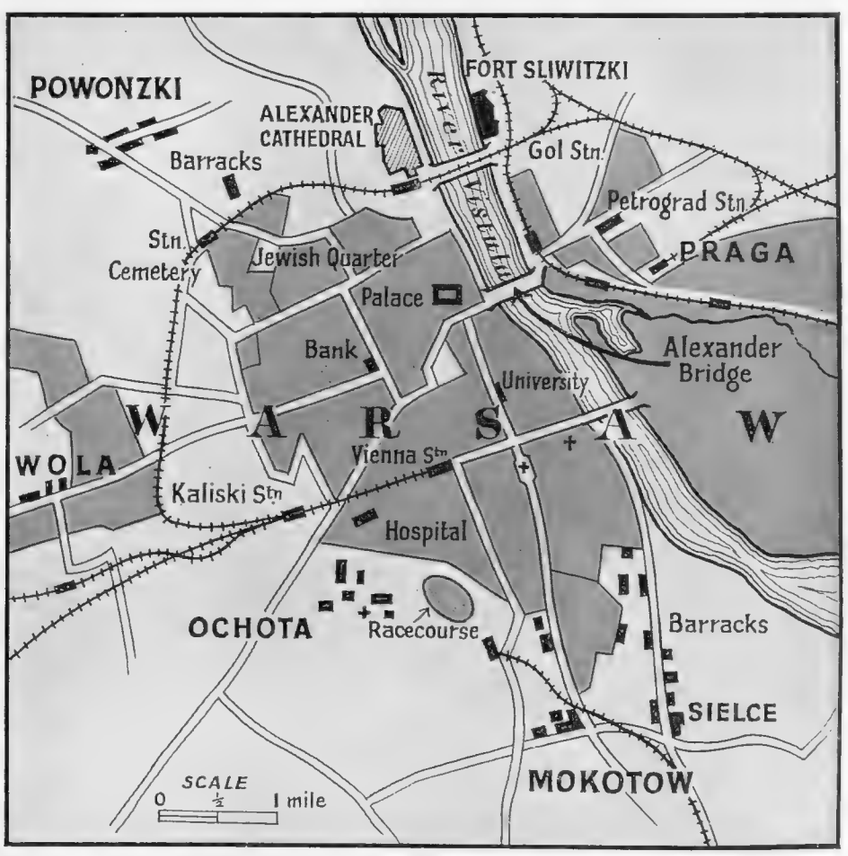
THE YOUTH OF WARSAW TROOPS OUT IN THE EARLY MORNING TO DIG TRENCHES

This picture was taken by the war photographer, E. C. Calcroft. It shows a group of Warsaw citizens, mostly young but with a sprinkling of middle-aged people, who have shouldered their spades and are swinging along to the defensive points where trenches were being dug



POLAND'S FOREIGN MINISTER WITH BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE IN WARSAW

Colonel Beck and the British Ambassador, Sir Howard Kennard, on the balcony of the British Embassy, responding to a demonstration in the early days of the war



A PLAN OF THE CITY OF WARSAW, SITUATED ON BOTH BANKS OF THE VISTULA

The main ancient city lies on the left of the plan. Here is the Alexander Cathedral, the famous Palace, recently damaged by German bombs, the University, barracks, Jewish quarter, and the racecourse. On the opposite side is Fort Sliwitzki. There are railway stations on each side of the river

WHERE THE FRENCH HAVE ATTACKED: Saar

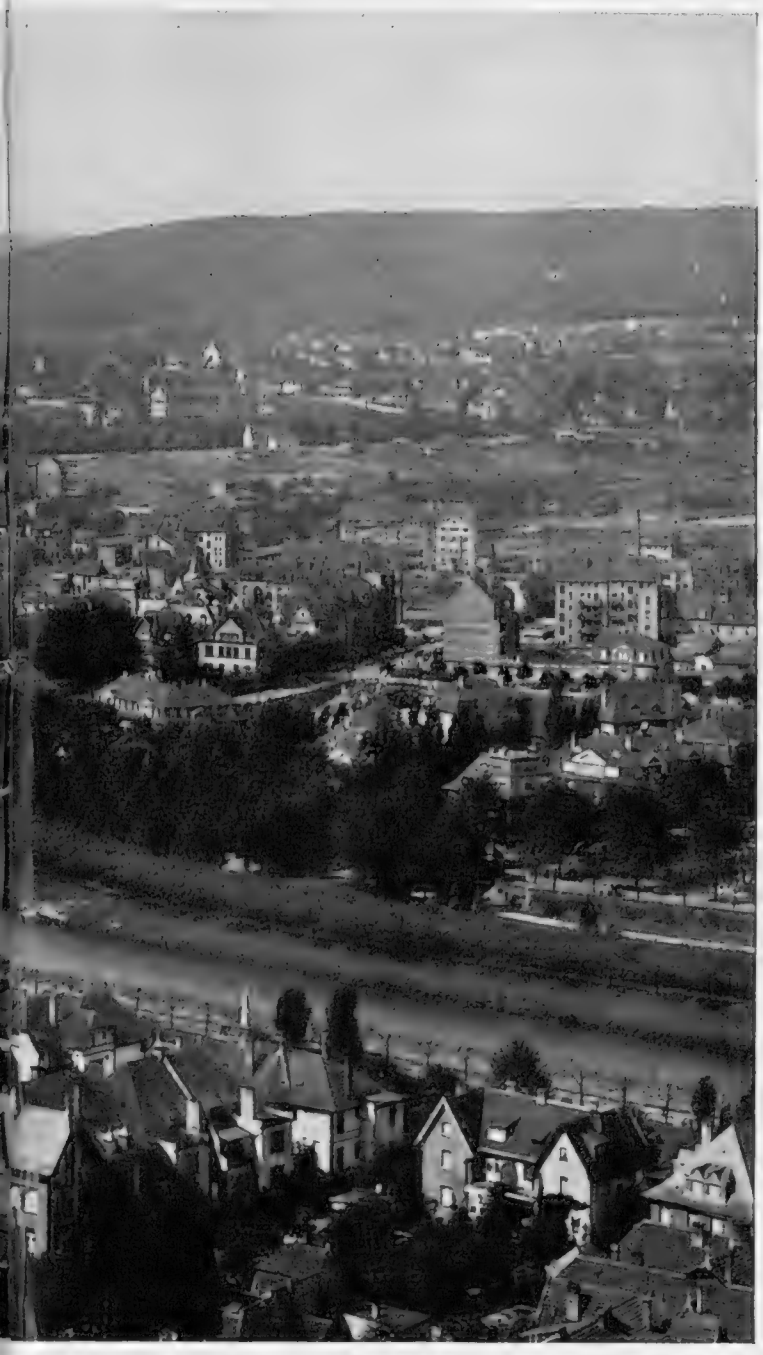
SAARBRUCKEN TOWN SEEN FROM ACROSS THE SAAR Situated in low curving hills, the town of Saarbrucken presents many contrasts. Here the tree-lined river and the residential houses figure largely. Away to the left are some of the chimneys indicating the mining and industrial side of Saarbrucken life

A TOUCH OF HISTORY PRIOR TO THE SAAR PLEBISCITE This incident, when demonstrations took place before the Führer, recalls the preliminaries before the voting took place in the Saar district itself. The banner reads "The Saar is German —we want to come home to our Leader"

AGRICULTURE IN THE SAAR DISTRICT The countryside is a very rich corn-growing area, overlapping the industrial districts with marked contrast

IN THE MINING DISTRICT OF SAARBRUCKEN From the early nineteenth century the town has been a centre for iron and chemical production

brucken and the Saar Valley



THE SIEGFRIED LINE SHOWS VARYING DEGREES OF DEFENCE

This view shows the more modest and recent defences. The recently constructed portions of the line are reported to be full of ammunition but that the habitation side had been neglected

HEAVIER DEFENCES OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE

Here are German troops marching into one of the star portions of the line where heavy concrete construction has been employed

SAARBRUCKEN MINING INDUSTRY HERE BULKS LARGELY

This picture is in vivid contrast to the large view shown *above on left*. Here all is redolent of industry. In the foreground are canal barges. During the middle of last week it appeared from the French official announcements that the initial conflict was developing on two sides of Saarbrucken

PARIS CARRIES ON

A BUSY SCENE AT LES HALLES, THE COVENT GARDEN OF PARIS

There was no shortage of fruit and vegetables in the great massed markets known as "Les Halles" which, as Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy pointed out in a recent article, still continue in an area from which expert opinion has wished to expel them

LISTENING IN TO THE NEWS

Outside wireless instrument shops crowds like this gather to listen to the transmission of "Radiophonique"

Jerome Willis Describes the Paris of a Few Days Ago

THE general mobilisation in France has dimmed the lights of Paris, but the spirit of the people is as gay as ever.

On the first black-out, which occurred before the Germans violated Polish territory and made war certain, the Parisians refused to believe that it was inevitable. Though the famous myriad of lights that marks the Place de la Concorde stopped glowing that night, laughing crowds thronged the Champs Elysées, and drank beer or wine in the many cafés that throng the great avenue from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe. They said "if war has got to come it will; meanwhile French wine tastes just as good in the dark."

In the suburbs for the first time since the world war, the bars closed their doors at midnight, but in the centre of Paris it was "business as usual."

Along the length of the Boulevard St. Michel there were only a few external lights, but the students' and artists' cafés were as full as ever, though many of the painters had donned the new khaki of the French Army. Montparnasse was full, and though taxis were at a premium, somehow people managed to get to the Dome and the Rotunde and crowded the terraces in the strange, eerie atmosphere caused by the restricted lighting.

Up in the shadow of the Sacré Cœur, in the famous Place du Tertre, which always stays awake until dawn, I found everything much the same as usual, except for the lighting and the absence of the Russian habitués, for the Balalaika players have become very unpopular—as has Russian music in Montmartre—with the signing of the German-Soviet pact of non-aggression. The last of the "Volga Boatmen" started to evacuate the free commune, trailing their balalaikas and mandolines after them with a dejected air.

(*Continued on page* 472)

LIFE GOES ON AT THE PARIS BOURSE

Three "boursiers" studying the news, gas-mask canisters swinging from the shoulder

THE MAN WHO VISUALISED THE MAGINOT LINE

General Andre Maginot conceived the famous Maginot Line during the last war and the plan was afterwards put into effect by a host of technicians, but he did not live to see the completion of his line. *On left*—Andre Maginot, as Minister of War, presenting colours to a regiment. *On right*—Maginot during the great war

A SISTER OF MERCY JOINS WITH OTHERS IN SCANNING THE NEWS

Scenes like this occur all over Paris, and even unworldly nuns are perforce compelled to study the news from the battle fronts. *On right*—Anyone who looks like a foreigner is liable to be asked by gendarmes for his papers of identity

A POLISH FIELD KITCHEN WAITING TO BE MOVED UP TO THE FRONT

The rapid advance of the German attack must have entailed a great strain on the Polish Commissariat. These kitchens are horse-drawn in order to ensure getting through to troops over the heavy Polish roads

A BIG FLAG ON TINY WESTERPLATTE

THE GERMAN ATTACK ON POLAND: War Pictures from Both Sides

POLISH TROOPS AWAITING THE WORD FOR THE FORWARD MARCH

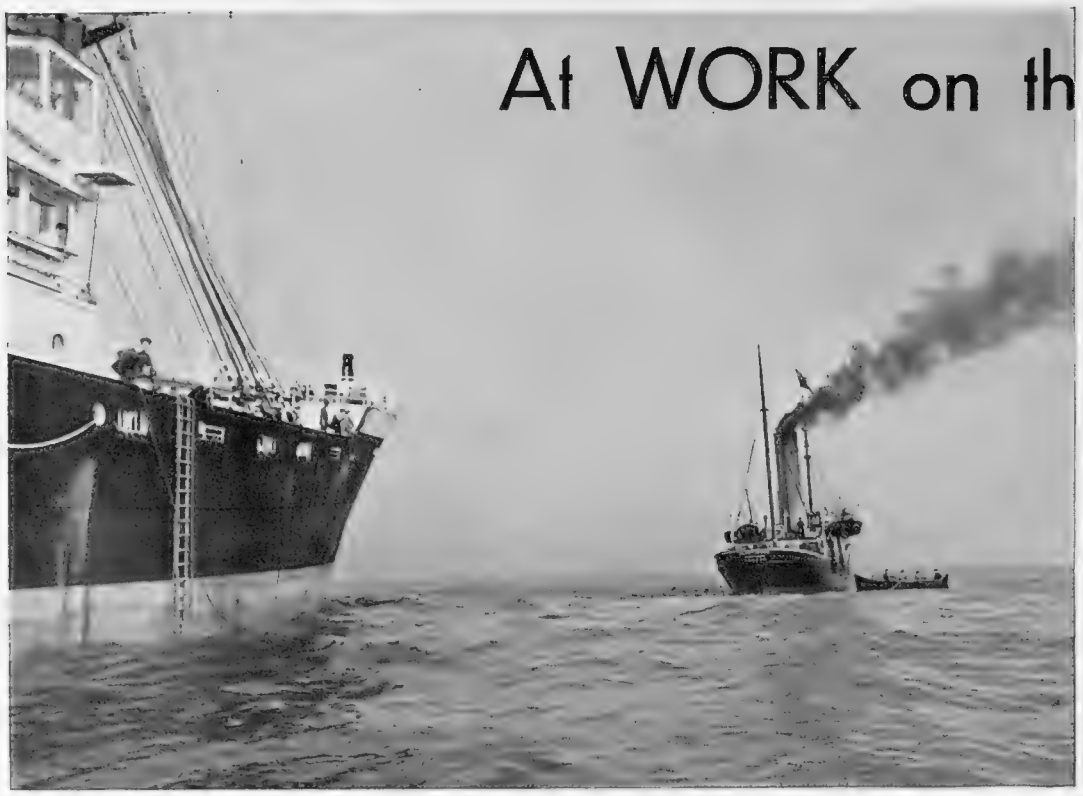
This staff photographer picture which arrived in London on Thursday of last week shows a body of Polish troops practising with their gas-masks before resuming the march

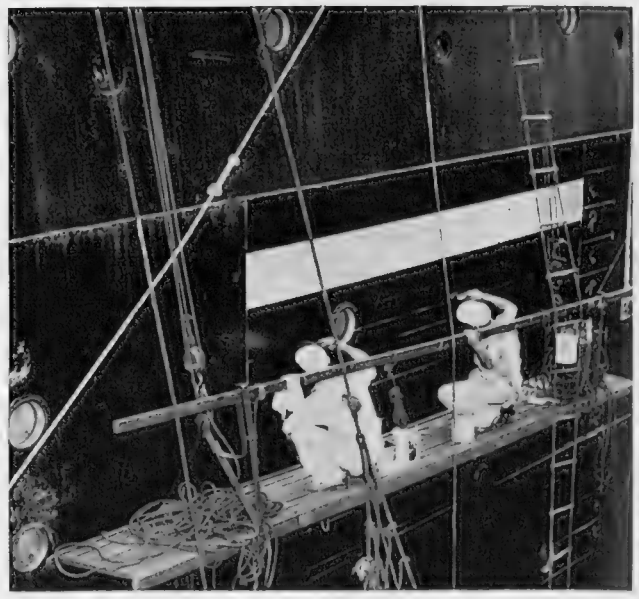
This huge flag had evidently been prepared for the purpose of underlining Germany's captures

THE GERMAN TROOPS CLAMBER THROUGH THE WOODY SCRUB ON WESTERPLATTE

Westerplatte fell after an intense bombardment from the sea, and Gdynia followed suit a few days later after a plucky resistance

At WORK on the RIVER THAMES





THE U.S. MERCANTILE MARINE TAKES PRECAUTIONS

I Help as a Reserve in the River Emergency Service

says NOEL THOMPSON

OLD Father Thames has a host of his children and his nephews on his broad waters these days. Very few of them are there for pleasure. Most of them have a job to perform, and they are working full time at it, from the bargees distributing important cargoes of food and materials, to the coasting vessels which chug so rapidly day and night up and down. The Port of London Authority initiated a scheme months ago for maintaining their own river emergency service.

Now it is in full operation, quietly and efficiently. The tugmasters, wharfingers, stevedores, pilots, retired naval men, keen yachtsmen and women, and even the hardened night watchmen described by W. W. Jacobs, have joined up in a magnificent team to keep the Thames clear of trouble and to make sure that everything runs smoothly if that trouble does arrive.

Never before has the camaraderie bred of the river been so pronounced. All are carrying out their jobs like people possessed not of a devil, but of an overwhelming pride in their ability to rise to a vital occasion calmly and without fuss.

And what is more, they retain that sense of humour of which the waterside breeds its own peculiar, direct (and often innocently vulgar) brand.

A typical example was the retort of a tugmaster, clearly heard over a hundred yards of water, hauling a stream of barges laden with food. He called near Greenwich pier, and an official shouted out, "You are wanted at once at Wapping. They have telephoned three times for you."

Came the terse reply, "What do you think I am, a something aeroplane?" To which, of course, there is no reply.

I am writing this on my first day's leave from serving "somewhere on the Thames."

I do not flatter myself that it would be of the slightest interest to Hitler to know where I have been stationed, nor the name of the commandeered launch which is my temporary home, but if discretion on this occasion is not the better part of valour, it is certainly the better part of this particular information bureau who is penning this article.

Here I must stress that the River Emergency Service (henceforward known as the R.E.S.) is completely filled, and that the requisite number of yachts and speed boats (used as messenger boats between stations) is complete. Many of the owners offered their ships as long ago as last September, and attended classes teaching them their duty, and now they are on duty and in commission.

Before going into details, I want to get into your mind the broad fact that just as any large town or any village has its A.R.P. wardens, so has the Thames. The dissimilarity of surroundings and method of travel do not make the two tasks as different as land from water. But naturally there are problems with which the landsman does not have to compete.

Once during an off duty spell I volunteered to go ashore in a very light dinghy to fetch rations. It was only a matter of 50 yards and as I drifted down on the ebbing tide towards the jetty I thought fondly of Father Thames as a kindly old man. I berthed within two minutes.

An hour later the tide had become a raging, hurrying torrent, a mass of minor whirlpools and eddies. Quarter of an hour's hectic work with the oars found me only half way home. An instant's pause meant 10 yards lost.

I cursed a Dutch steamer, very heavily laden inward bound, for a wash which did not reach me till long after she was out of vocal range. It was only heroic efforts on the part of two of our crew and a brilliant bit of lassoo work that saved me from being found exhausted somewhere in the North Sea.

But that is a digression. In a few days I have learned what a nuisance the spring tides can be, in a certain wind, when the water goes hustling and bumping at 8 m.p.h. round the barges to which

(*Continued on page 472*)

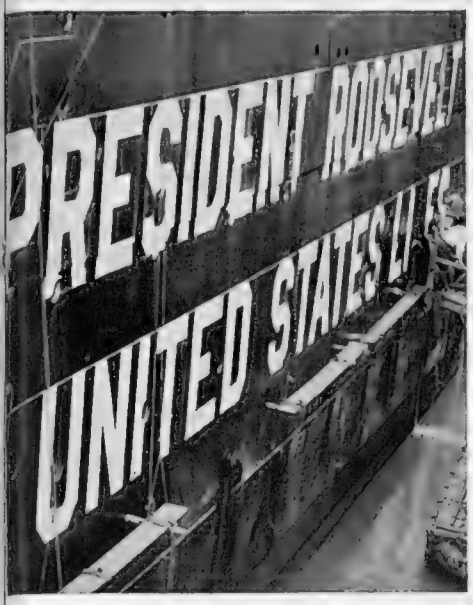
IN TROUSERS AND JERSEY THEY STAND FOR AN INSPECTION

The women of the River Emergency Service wear a nautical kit of blue serge. Big scissors are slung on a cord

BRITISH CREWS PICKED UP FROM TORPEDOED SHIPS

The crew of thirty-three from the British steamer *Olivegrove* were picked up by the U.S. liner *Washington*. The vessel went down stern first within six minutes of the torpedo striking her. *On left*—A lifeboat from the *Olivegrove* coming alongside the liner *Washington*. *On right*—The 8,840-ton *Magdapur* was also sunk in sight of the Suffolk coast. A neighbouring lifeboat's crew is seen lifting the injured captain aboard

in WAR-TIME



The S.S. *President Roosevelt* has huge letters painted on her sides in the hope that they will have the desired effect when viewed through the periscope of a German submarine

"OUR BEAUTIFUL 'BREMEN'" ALL LIT UP BEFORE SHE LEFT NEW YORK

"The first attempt to get our beautiful *Bremen* has failed," said Field-Marshal Göring in his broadcast last week. The last glimpse we have had of her is this picture from New York of the great vessel with an oil tanker alongside

ANOTHER GERMAN VESSEL STARTED FOR THE FATHERLAND BUT ——?

The German liner *St. Louis* left New York on August 27-28 for somewhere. Her banded funnels vanished into the distance to meet the luck which was awaiting her

THE DUTCH MERCANTILE MARINE ALSO TAKES PRECAUTIONS

The Holland-America liner *Statendam* had her name painted in big letters so that there should be no doubt that she belonged to one of the neutral nations—a precaution which most vessels of the non-combatant nations are adopting in view of the activities of those U-boats which have managed to elude the British navy

Merchant Ships are not Interned —only Belligerent Vessels

Frank Bowen Explains a Difficult Question

THE official news that all the German merchant ships have contrived to get back to their home ports, have been collected by the British navy, or have sought refuge in neutral—and what they hope will remain neutral—ports has caused general satisfaction, but the loose use of the word "interned" has caused a good deal of confusion.

Generally speaking, the true merchant ship, which does not compromise her mercantile status, is not interned at all, but is allowed to shelter in a neutral port until she can proceed to her destination without risk of capture, which with the British navy in command of the seas, means until the end of the war. If she remains a merchant ship pure and simple the only thing that her crew has to fear is appalling boredom. If she abuses her status, and the hospitality of the neutral state that has given her shelter, it is quite another matter at once.

As soon as she takes an active part in the war she makes herself a naval auxiliary and is liable to strict internment just as much as if she had been an active commerce destroyer which had crept into neutral waters when the strain of cruising had broken down her machinery, or a regular man-of-war which had been cornered by superior forces.

She can violate her sanctuary in any number of ways, from using her wireless to give useful information to her national men-of-war, to slipping out with holds full of coal to procure guns to act as a corsair cruiser or to supply or victual cruising warships. Once she has shown any signs of doing anything of the sort, her hosts, who are generally unwilling, have the right to regard her as a man-of-war and to protect themselves from any unfortunate results from having broken their neutrality.

Belligerent warships, or auxiliary warships as such vessels would have made themselves, are on quite a different plane and their sanctuary in neutral ports is very much more severely limited. Normally it is only twenty-four hours, but there are many qualifications and some of these are ill-defined.

Firstly, she may stay long enough to repair any damage, whether by sea or enemy action, and she may be given enough time to take in sufficient bunker coal or oil to take her to the nearest friendly port.

She is not forced to go out in weather that would be dangerous for a ship of her size or type. In fact, every consideration is shown her. But if she has not sailed by the limits of the time allowed her she has to be interned, and effectively prevented from taking any further part in the war. This is generally contrived by taking away an essential part of her machinery, but a warship has to be effectively disarmed; it is quite sufficient to take away the breech-blocks of all her guns and store them under guard ashore.

On the principle that prevention is better than cure, and knowing that they may be held expensively responsible for any breach of neutrality from their waters, most of the neutral powers have protected themselves by preventing their refugee guests communicating with German submarines or raiders outside by removing their wireless and in some cases rendering their machinery inoperative as well.

THE RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR

"The Sphere's" staff artist, F. Matania, made this drawing during the last war of an advanced dressing station on the Western Front. The waggon and the station exhibit the blessed sign of the Red Cross

THE RED CROSS

Is Born as the Result of an Idea on the Part of a Young Swiss named Dunant

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"WHAT is that lovely little place up there?"

We were sauntering in one of Geneva's lush parks bordering the lake, and my companion had espied a small white mansion beautifully set amid the trees.

"That's Red Cross G.H.Q.," I replied. "It started in Geneva, you know."

"Really? Oh, do let's go inside!"

Which is how this article came to be written: for we went inside to learn that the Red Cross was celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday, while at the same time organising to meet the potentially greatest call ever made upon its services.

Since that calm and sunny Genevan day this call has come. In sixty-two countries marshalling a membership of 40,000,000 men, women, and juniors, the word has gone forth to pass in varying degree of intensity from peace to war work. Nor can there be the slightest mistake about this; as long as the conflict and cruel suffering last, the brightest symbol for untold millions of the general public in many lands will be the Red Cross, mankind's symbol of mercy, of hope.

That reputation was finally earned during 1914–18 when, besides caring for the wounded of all battlefields, the Red Cross extended its energies to acting as link and go-between, friend in need, freely as liberator, for hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war. If any further sealing had been necessary, such emanated from the immensely enlarged peace-time services of the past twenty years—since the League of Red Cross Societies was founded in 1919, with headquarters in Paris. This organisation deals exclusively with peace-time projects and development, leaving all matters relating to war in the hands of a Geneva Committee at present under a Swiss, M. Max Huber.

It was a fascinating story of one man's disinterested devotion to an idea, to which one listened in the white mansion under the trees. Many in the immediate months (one devoutly trusts not years) to come will have reason to revere the memory of Henry Dunant, who died in poverty, in Geneva, in 1910. For it was this bourgeois citizen who by merest chance not only supplied the spark but came to expend himself during five years with the zeal of a Savonarola, until the Red Cross was internationally established by sixteen pioneer nations, in 1864. Unprecedented event in warfare and in history! From the stark horror of the past, here were nations undertaking to succour and care for each other's wounded, and to respect the persons of those carrying out the work of compassion.

As a compliment to Helvetia, the red cross on a field of white was then adopted; emblem first borne by the "society of volunteers" tending the wounded in the Prussian *Blitzkrieg* against little Denmark, in the year of the Society's inauguration.

The germ of this great idea lay in the passage of a tourist, at Castiglione, north Italy, on June 24, 1859. Young Henry Dunant, banker's son, was hastening home to Geneva on account of the war that had broken out between Napoleon III and the Austria-Hungary of Francis Joseph of our time. He stumbled on the wake of the one and only battle, swift, decisive, but bloody and terrible Solferino. For two days and nights he amateurishly tried to be of assistance to the three French doctors, and one chemist, and the women of the village, upon whom were literally being pitched from carts, thousands of wounded Frenchmen—the enemy had been of course left on the field, that was the Austrians' job.

Their wounds untended, dying of thirst, the majority already gangrenous, Dunant moved among the victims as they lay in piles in the church, the school, anywhere. What could he do? The last drugs had soon given out. Fact was, army staffs had not yet come to contemplate the wounded as human beings to look after, save; rather were they beheld as a drag. The young Swiss saw worse on the battlefield: soldiers "who easily could have been saved" condemned to die with the dead already on top of, and all about, them.

"On my knee, trembling, and with tears pouring on to the paper," Henry Dunant began a long letter to the Comtesse Gasparin, a striking Genevan character who had won fame some years before by successfully launching a fund with the unheard-of aim of sending tobacco to the Franco-British army in the Crimea.

Dunant's revelations appeared in the Paris *Illustration* and in the *Journal de Genève*, and the conscience of Europe was roused: one further instance of the *good* things newspapers can do. Yet "one forgets"—the public, all of us. Solferino was being forgotten when the American Civil War broke loose, to reveal again the ghastly case in which the wounded stood as war became modernised. Far away, Dunant's compassion was stimulated anew, and he sat down and wrote *A Memoir of Solferino*, which promptly became a best-seller, the topic of the day in *salons*.

"If war cannot be always avoided, can nothing be done to lessen its horrors?" pleaded Dunant. "Cannot the nations agree beforehand on certain measures of mercy?" Suggestion which, in the sequel, was to encircle the civilised globe.

A committee of five Genevans was formed, of whom the outstanding organiser was Gustave Moynier. They were rounding out what was to become the 1864 convention when a New England school teacher appeared on the scene, Clara Barton. Miss Barton had come for a rest to Europe, after Appomattox, she having emerged as the nearest American counterpart to Florence Nightingale. From being obscurely employed in the Patent Office in Washington, at the start of the Civil War, she rose to be a leading force in the primitive field hospitals. Now, at Geneva, she fervently espoused the Dunant–Moynier crusade, and with consequences which were to be all-embracing. It may not have been until 1882 that President Arthur signed the Red Cross convention, but ever since the United States has played the preponderant role.

Miss Barton remained president of the American Red Cross until 1905. Her greatest hour was, perhaps, the Johnstone flood of 1889, when she gathered volunteers around her and sent out first national appeals. "Some people (one reads) still remember the energetic little lady, money-filled reticule at her waist, trudging from wrecked home to wrecked home in the mud-filled valley and giving out funds in amounts governed only by her sympathy and the resources at hand." From 1905 down to the present day Miss Mabel Boardman has presided over the great organisation across the ocean, and she more than any other person has been responsible for the gradual world-wide intervention of the Red Cross during times of peace, no less than in war.

The years 1914–18 were, naturally, of decisive influence. In first case, the Red Cross was on every battlefield. The first wounded I ever saw, lying in the corridor of the Palace Hotel, Brussels, were being attended by nurses armletted with the bright symbol of mercy. Some months later, out in the Polish wastes, by the Bzura, I used to watch with the Red Cross duty sister assigned to what was known as "the death-tent." These young Polish women wanted company and, as newspaper correspondent, I could give little else.

As hostilities developed, the Genevan organisation decided to make its own a splendid new task—that of alleviating the lot of prisoners of war. In the end there came to be nearly 4,000,000 such. The Red Cross organisation, with which King Alfonso co-operated memorably, at least reached hundreds of thousands of those appertaining to the western countries at war. Letters, parcels, comforts and medicaments, all beyond price in the eyes of recipients, were facilitated. Gradually, a system was evolved by which prisoners who obviously could never bear arms again came to be exchanged. It was a magnificent fresh sprouting of a Red Cross just turned its fiftieth anniversary, and now that a further milestone has been reached it will be of sustenance to not a few to know that the Red Cross intends this time to surpass itself in humanitarian endeavour. They said so at Geneva, and these people have not yet failed to come up to their word.

It was pointed out that ten years ago forty-eight countries, including all the principal ones, ratified a brand new prisoners-of-war code drawn up on experience derived from the last war. Bruening's Reich signed, and Hitler's subsequent State did not reject, so one can but hope that this merciful side will not be trampled on, until the reverse is shown to be the case.

"Out of evil," etc. Near the top of the good to emanate from the last war was indubitably the expansion of the Red Cross, growth which was turned to account and canalised at a Cannes Conference in 1919. The Americans, possessing immense funds and stocks with which they hardly knew what to do, more or less took the helm. How if the Society extended its action to combat all misery, not only that arising from the clash of arms? So it was ordained, and in later years no fewer than sixty-two nations, practically the entire world, joined the Red Cross League and endorsed its peace-time work. This lies under four heads, or did until the other day: Public instruction in health and hygiene; first-aid service to cope with epidemics or disasters; nurses' training centres; Junior Red Cross, alone counting 17,000,000 members.

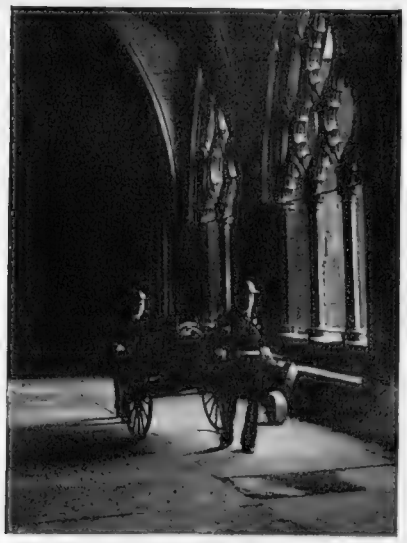
The Society further renders assistance in favour of mothers, orphans, the aged, the workless. All the year round, and every year, this goes on, together with health propaganda and the steady turning out of diploma-ed nursing sisters.

In the United States, the effort attains its maximum. Practically every American district, or county, has its Red Cross chapter which keeps stored in readiness stretchers and supplies of surgical dressings, while a list of available doctors, nurses, ambulance services, hospital facilities, potential nutriment stations and refuge shelters hangs near each chapter chairman's telephone. There exist relief specialists. "Preparedness committees," trained and drilled, stand ready to act in emergencies of all kinds, cyclones, floods, explosions, fires. More than 1,000,000 homes are visited annually in bringing relief to the sick.

If the dollar, copiously contributed, has rendered possible services not yet attained in Europe or elsewhere, Henry Dunant's vision of international action among Red Cross groups of all the nations has been fully realised. The whole thing is admirably pooled. No matter where a volcano erupts or an earthquake occurs, where famines rage or wars and revolutions spread death and destruction, thither financial assistance is rushed by cable, medical supplies by aeroplane, and food supplies by rail or steamer. The Red Cross knows no frontiers, and prays only to be allowed to carry on where need is urgent, greatest.

There has been merciful opiate, surgical, and antiseptic advance since that distant day of Castiglione; no less striking transport and field dressing station transformation. This war may call for them all. And not least for an honourable implementing by each side of the new prisoners-of-war code which can mean so much to untold thousands as the conflict develops.

GUARDING THE ABBEY



FIRE SQUAD

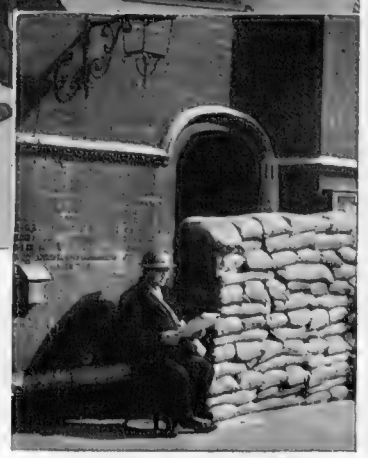
The fire unit which parades the cloisters of Westminster Abbey laying hoses to the hydrants

NERVE CENTRE

In this specially prepared and protected room the telephonist is in direct touch with all parts of the building

CASUALTY STATION

The dispensary and dressing station fitted up in the Norman Undercroft to deal with any casualties. This station is always in charge of a qualified nurse



READY FOR ALL EMERGENCIES

Wardens equipped with gas-proof clothes. Above them is a special emergency lighting set and in the background can be seen an air purifier. The picture *on the right* is of one of the wardens stationed in the grounds of the Abbey

"EVACS" AT WHIPSNADE

A POPULAR FAVOURITE

Ming, the London Zoo's famous baby Panda, is now thoroughly at home in the new quarters at Whipsnade, where she is proving as great an attraction as at Regent's Park

TEA-PARTY CHIMPS

Tiny Tim and George making themselves familiar with their new surroundings at Whipsnade where it is hoped they will be joined by the other members of the famous tea party. *On left* is Rani from London in the modernistic elephant house at Whipsnade

LONDON IN THE DARK:

A Record of the Great Black-out as Darkness Began to Fall

EROS HOVERS AS DUSK PASSES INTO DARKNESS

The West End has been presenting an extraordinarily eerie appearance as dusk passed into the darkness of night. Where are the Neon lights of yesterday? And those endless glasses of wine which filled and emptied, and cigarettes which lit and went out? They are out now for an indefinite period

THE FORM OF BUILDINGS LOOMS OUT AS THE DARKNESS FALLS

All detail disappearing, the passer-by can see the essential form of familiar buildings. Some effects are surprisingly novel. *On right*—A humorous effort towards a safe night-walking garb

COUNTRY IN THE SUNSHINE : Healthy Work in Lovely Downland Scenery

THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY RECEIVE TRAINING BEFORE GOING TO FARMS

The East Sussex Agricultural College near Lewes is training girls in agricultural work, so that they do not go down to farms without a reasonable amount of knowledge of field and farm work

WITH HIS GAS-MASK ATTACHED TO THE PLOUGH HANDLE

A Surrey ploughman goes about his work with his gas-mask handy. *On left*—A member of the Women's Land Army working with the farmer of a Lancashire farm

ELEKTRO, the Mechanical Man

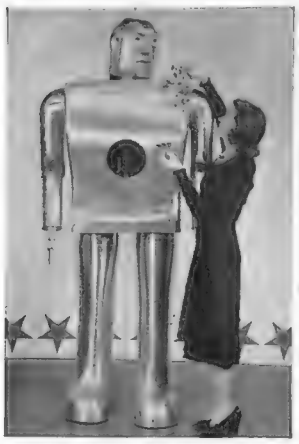
Made Up of 900 Parts, With 11 Motors, Controlled by 48 Relays, He Can Smoke, and Select Colours

ELEKTRO, the New York mechanical man, gives clear evidence that automatons have improved considerably since Aristotle speculated upon the possibility of making mechanical men. For Elektro is the latest and best mechanical man yet invented, and his bag of twenty-six tricks is proving one of the greatest attractions at the famous exhibition. He has been a great draw during the whole period of the World's Fair Exhibition, New York. He greeted visitors to the Westinghouse Building—a pavilion devoted to the advance of electricity—in a booming bass voice, and then proceeded to walk, talk, and smoke.

Elektro comprises more than 900 hand-made parts which have been bolted or welded into place, whilst the latest developments in electricity are responsible for his tricks. He is the youngest mechanical man to-day, being less than two years old, but he already has a vocabulary of some seventy-seven words, counts up to ten on his fingers, and smokes cigarettes by the dozen. He stands 7 ft. in his aluminium feet and has an 82-inch chest expansion. His chest, however, is always expanded because, like the rest of his body, it is made of aluminium over a steel frame. His feet are 18 ins. long and half as broad.

This mighty automaton is never brain-weary, as his brain lobes are forty-eight electrical relays. These devices do all the thinking for him; he merely obeys their promptings which are delivered through his nervous system of motors, levers, gears, and chains. His spinal column is made of wire, and there is enough of it wound around his coils to encircle the world at the equator.

Elektro's favourite colours are red and green. As a matter of fact, they are the only colours he sees, and when they are flashed with a light before his eyes he speaks out "red" or "green" as the case may be. However, Elektro is at his prodigious best when it comes to smoking. He not only puffs and inhales, but he blows the smoke in great bellows from both nostrils. He performs all these tricks from the commands spoken by a pretty girl who stands by his side.

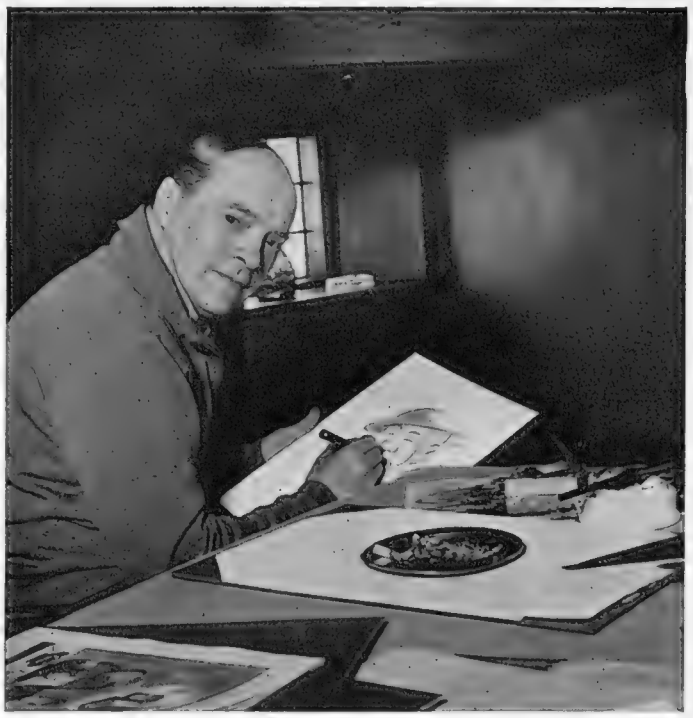


Elektro tells an audience the colour of a rose and of leaves

What happens is that the spoken words of the assistant set up vibrations which are converted into electrical waves by a grid-glow tube. The electric impulse then lifts a shutter in front of an electric lamp and sends a flash of light across the room to a photo-electric tube or "electric eye" in the control unit which serves as Elektro's brain. The latter acts as a sensory nerve. It receives the light command, translates it into a feeble electric current which is amplified and sent on to the bank of relays. The relays, which operate on the same magnetic principle that makes our front door bell ring, close and open electric circuits to start Elektro's motors turning.

Talking to Elektro is like dialling an automatic telephone, using light impulses instead of numbers to cause the relays to act. It makes no difference what words are used to give the command so long as the proper number of light impulses are produced. One word or impulse places a series of relays in position to act. Two words close the electric circuit and release current to the motors employed in any particular movement of the robot. Three words activate relays to stop Elektro, and four words bring all the relays back to their normal position of rest.

Elektro, the youngest mechanical man, is able to count



CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Working on an "Old Bill" drawing for *The Bystander*. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather begins "The Story of Old Bill, 1914–18" in *The Bystander* of September 27 in a series of reminiscences illustrated from the original "Fragments from France" sketches, the first of which ("Where Did That One Go To?") appeared in *The Bystander* of March 31, 1915

A Letter from the Far East

Since this letter was written the blockade has been raised by the Japanese.

HONG KONG,
SEPTEMBER 11.

THE roads near the frontier just now present a pathetic sight. Dozens of tired and bewildered peasants, carrying their babies on their backs and all their household possessions on either side of bamboo poles balanced across their shoulders, straggle along in aimless fashion. Here and there a few have given up and camped by the roadside. Some lucky early arrivals have settled in and even under some railway trucks on a siding. Buses and lorries are taking the young, old, sick and wounded to the refugee camps. Here they are fed and housed and their children sent to school.

A chance which might make Nazi propagandists green with envy is apparently being ignored. Although the children are at least being fed and brought up under the protection of the British flag, no attempt seems to be made to show these young minds that they owe at least something to the British.

Although assurances have been made in official circles that the occupation of the border by the Japanese will not affect the foodstuffs from Chinese territory coming into Hong Kong, a tour round the markets shows a decided scarcity of vegetables. Prices have risen about 20 per cent., and this within three days of the Japanese occupation of the frontier. Supplies from the Po-On district on the Pearl River side of the New Territories have ceased altogether. Pumpkin, a favourite vegetable imported from the Chinese side of the border, has risen in price from 2 dollars 50 cents a picul to 5 dollars 50 cents.

There is, however, no shortage of meat, fish or poultry, as most of this comes from Kwangchowan (French Indo-China), which is still accessible to Hong Kong. In fact, the market recently has been glutted with meat and poultry, fetching the cheapest prices.

The Japanese on the frontier (a great number of whom are reported to be Formosans) are manning all vantage points from Nantao to Shataukok and round Mirs Bay, and preventing foodstuffs coming into the Colony. And already shipping between the Pearl River delta and Hong Kong has been almost entirely cut off except for a few junks who brave the possibility of being sunk or shot up by the Japanese.

Meanwhile, certain essential precautions have been taken by the British military and civil authorities. The military forces are in touch with the main strategical points on the border. All railway and highway bridges in the New Territories have been mined. Tunnels have been dug into the rocky hillsides along certain roads which could be closed to all traffic at a moment's notice if necessary.

British residents in the border district, including Fanling (the pleasure ground of Hong Kong, where the racecourse and golf links are situated and where the local pack hunts) have been advised, as a precautionary measure, to move into Kowloon or the island. And golfers have been warned not to leave their clubs in the club house.

From Canton come uneasy reports that the breakdown of the Tokyo talks may be followed by the strict isolation of Shameen, where the British community live, thus making it a second Tientsin.

J. G.

THE AGE OF PROPAGANDA

The Lengths to Which Modern International Tall Talk Will Go

THE machinery of modern political propaganda is astonishing in its variety and in many cases in its cynical character. Every means to spread an impression, to create a belief, or to disseminate some completely or partially false news is employed. An illuminating chapter on one of the most recent outpourings of this strange form of human energy is contained in *The Spanish Arena*, by William Foss and Cecil Gerahty (published by John Gifford, Ltd.). The whole volume makes good reading in view of the importance which war conditions have given to the nature of the matter contained within its 500 pages.

The chapter is entitled "The Fiction Factory," as most of the "Government" output of propaganda appears to have been in the direction of the incorrect or deliberately false.

"At first," write the authors, "it was necessary to misrepresent what had been happening in Spain for many years past, and, thus, the real causes of the war. Next, to stimulate recruiting and to gain support by creating the impression that they were bound to win. Then, faced by the spectre of defeat, they had to suppress the truth whilst a last desperate effort was made to keep the recruiting going and to maintain their prestige, in the hope of a last-minute reprieve, an arbitration, a truce, a reconciliation by outside pressure with those who could never willingly consent to it. That was the period of the stalemate slogans. And finally came the great effort to provoke an international war to save face before the world and to create the consequent conditions which they hold favourable for the spread and growth of their doctrines. War among the nations *for its own sake* is part of their policy."

One instance of its curious technique should be mentioned at once as it applies to operations to-day. "When there was a big Nationalist success, so big that it was bound to be obvious in spite of every effort, it was given out that they had reached a point in advance of where they had, in fact, reached. This was done though the official *communiqué* from Salamanca made no such claims—in fact, pointed out their falsity when it became repeated. The object? It enabled fictitious counter-attacks to be announced, heroically driving back the enemy to some point which hadn't yet been reached in force, or even seriously attacked. This made epic defences out of panic-stricken flights and protected the prestige of the Internationals and the Generals. Incidentally, it was wonderful what importance they ascribed to their 'prestige.' On one occasion they produced a marvellous story of the attack by an heroic Red aviator who sank the *España* by descending and dropping bombs down the funnel at terrible risk. However, as the British Admiralty later announced, *she had hit a mine*.

"Let us analyse the machinery of the fiction factory and its work in the names of 'democracy,' 'liberty,' and 'justice,' and so forth. It has been logically developed, and it has three obvious rules:

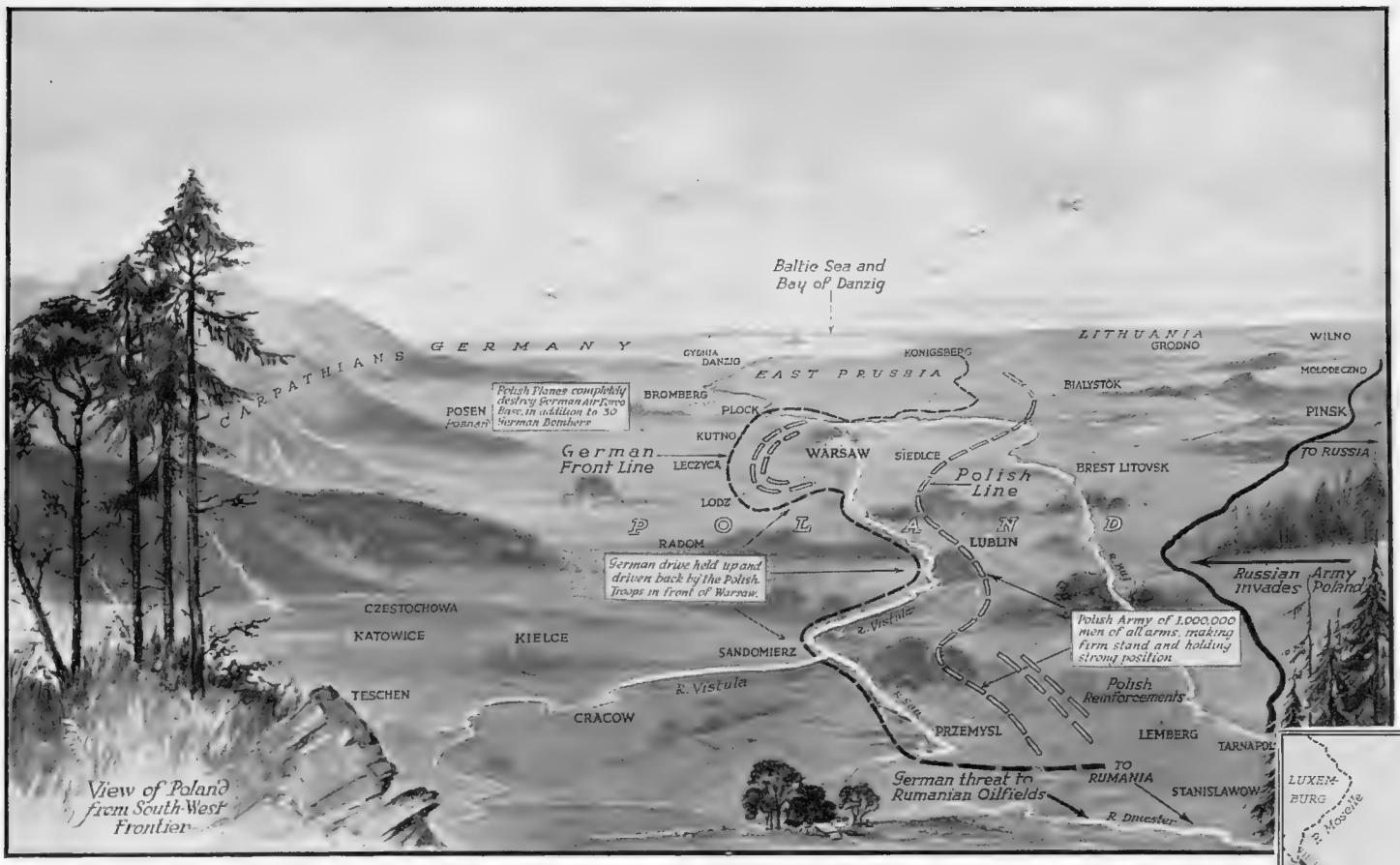
1. To deny facts and to misrepresent the initial causes and subsequent facts.

2. To justify by the use of 'slogans' whatever facts or incidents escape through this smoke screen.

3. To accuse the enemy of those crimes which they themselves had committed, so that, at the worst, the specious cry of 'It's the same both sides' will divert sympathy from their victims.

"The system is the historic instruction of Voltaire. 'One must lie like the devil. Not timidly, not for a time only, but boldly and always.' In fact, fulfil the Marxist inverted Commandment, 'Thou shalt bear false witness.' The technique of doing so convincingly has been highly developed. The chief methods are: (1) The impertinent reiteration of false statements, even after they have been disproved. Obviously for this you need 'superiority-of-fire'—the volume of willing assistance. (2) Methodical inversion of incidents, conditions and information. (3) Exploitation of local prejudices and bigotry. (4) Appeals to political or 'strategic' arguments. (5) Enlistment of the aid of persons or firms, not of Communist ideology, by putting business in their way on a 'short-view basis.' (6) Either roundabout or direct bribery, and its inevitable sequel, blackmail, for the victim thus harnessed to the machine. (7) For the ordinary uncritical person with a kind heart there is a separate technique. Their humanitarian and noble principles are echoed and surpassed, their indignation stirred till they cannot see reason or detect the lies. All the failures in the field were disguised, failures made victories, and victories invented."

WAR MAPS of BOTH EAST and WEST FRONTS



THE POLISH SITUATION AT THE BEGINNING OF THE THIRD WEEK OF THE HITLER WAR: The points at which Russia was invading Polish territory are indicated to the right. A meeting of Russian and German troops was reported at Brest-Litovsk, but whether the Germans had come from the north or west was not stated. Warsaw was still holding out

THE ATTACK ON THE WEST

THE points at which three waves of German infantry and massed tanks utterly failed to break the French defences in a German counter-attack directed against French positions on the Saar Front in **the Nied Valley,** *which crosses the Franco-German frontier 15 miles to the south-east of where the river Moselle forms the border of Germany and Luxemburg, are indicated on the large view given below.*

This point is roughly midway between the French lines of attack near Saarbrücken and the Luxemburg border.

The battle raged in the loop of the River Nied close to the Saar-France frontier, just north of the Saar village of Niedaltdorf, which nestles picturesquely in the valley.

For the first time in this war the German attacking force came over in massed formation. As a result they suffered very severe losses, and the French profiting from this, charged the dazed attackers with the bayonet, breaking the attack.

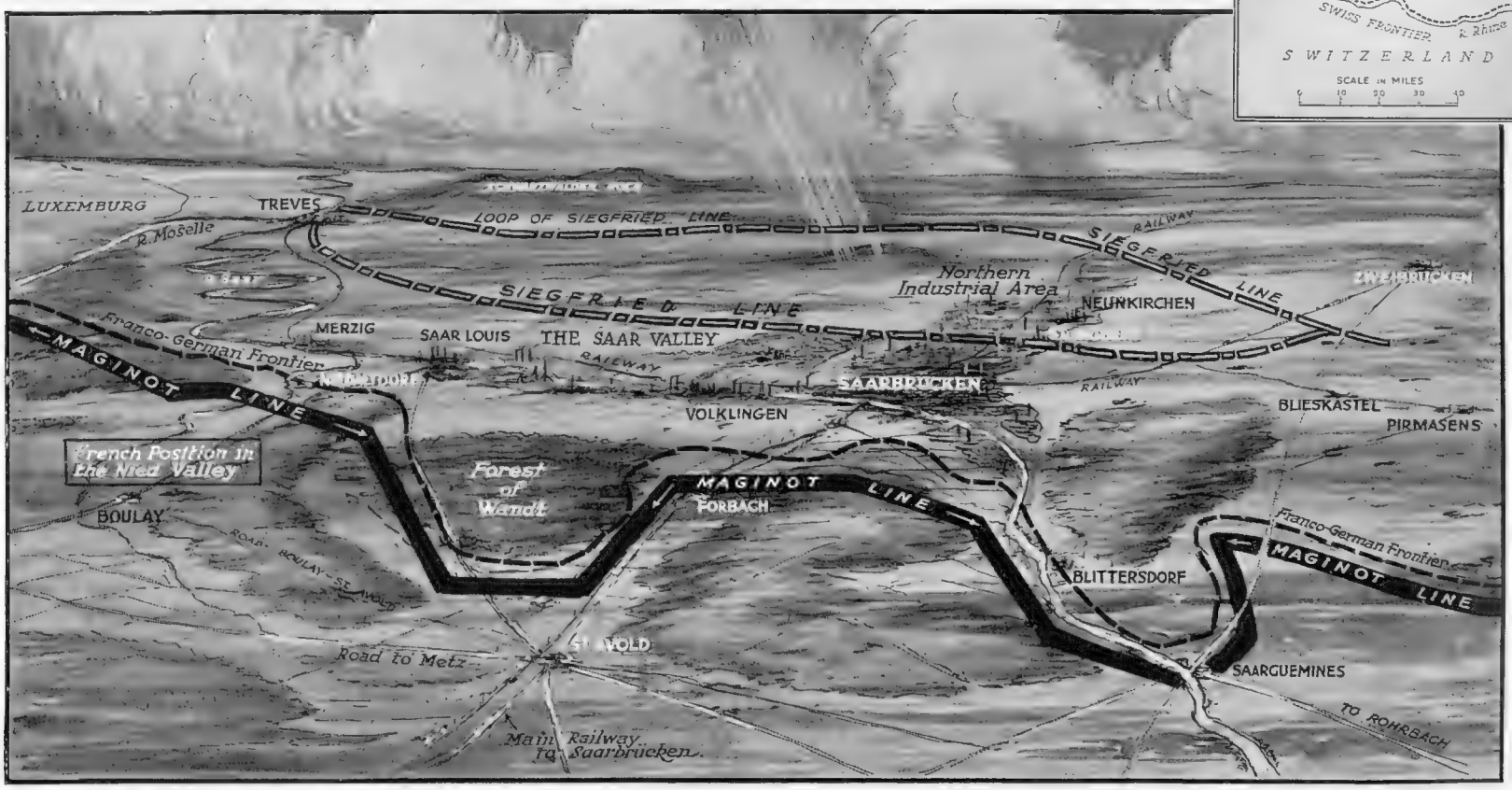
A French semi-official review of operations on the Western front gave a detailed account at the week-end of the activity at numerous points of the front between the Rhine and the Moselle:—

"There French troops and the defenders of the Siegfried positions are at grips, ***disputing the forward works of the Siegfried Line on the south bank of the Saar.***

"The eastern rim of the plateau above Niedaltdorf clearly dominates the valley of the Saar. ***It forms a kind of balcony from which artillery can not only batter Saarlouis below it,*** *but also the valley of the Saar and its heights on the other side of the river. On these are built the casemates and entrenchments of the* ***real Siegfried Line.***

"The enemy had therefore a major interest in stemming the French progress in this area before the French had reached the rim of the plateau. They therefore used considerable forces to do this. But the enemy counter-attack was immediately nipped in the bud." The map on the right indicates the area of intensive fighting in the north; the whole line is gradually engaging with the enemy.

Right— **FROM THE MOSELLE TO THE RHINE**



FIGHTING BETWEEN THE FORTIFIED LINES: The French repulse a German counter-attack at Niedaltdorf

This bird's-eye view is taken from a point above St. Avold and Saarguemines. In the middle distance is the famous Saar Valley with its miles of coal mines, chemical factories, glass works and other industrial manufactories. The first French moves were in front of Saarbrücken by way of Forbach into the Forest of Wandt. This forest is in a big salient of the Franco-German frontier line. To the east of the Saar there is a sharper salient running down towards Saarguemines. Blittersdorf and a number of villages in this salient have been occupied. It is to the left or west of this view that the chief fighting of the week-end took place

THE NEW FOREIGN LEGIONS and Other Helpers of the Allied Cause

The first voluntary ambulance service, "All-India," has been formed in London by Indian doctors, medical students and others

From Paris it is announced that the Czechs will form an independent national army under its own officers and flag. It is further announced that a general mobilisation order will be issued to all available Czechs of military age, and that disobedience will be regarded as desertion. A large number of well-trained officers, n.c.o.'s, and men are to hand, and on a first estimate, a force of 50,000 men can be raised.

A POLISH ARMY IS TO BE FORMED IN FRANCE

The union of officers of the Polish Army Reserve are building up the nucleus of a big force. *On right*—A group of Poles enrolling

SPANIARDS IN FRANCE WANT TO HELP WITH THE BIG FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Outside the offices of Les Amis de la Republique Française, Spanish residents and refugees enrol for service with the French army. *On left*—Italians enrol in the Garibaldian Legion in order to fight Germany

THE STAGE CARRIES ON

Despite the Rigorous Nightly Black-out

DRESSED AS R.A.F. OFFICER AND RED CROSS NURSE

Ralph Richardson and Merle Oberon are taking part in a Government-sponsored film at Denham Studios. They are here seen coming out of the Denham dugouts

BRITAIN'S NUMBER ONE MUSICAL COMEDY ENTERTAINER AMUSES THE TROOPS

Versatile Frances Day, away from the stage of the Hippodrome (which, like all London theatres, is now closed) gives some of the troops encamped near London a happy afternoon

REPRESENTING THE PARLOUS CONDITION OF THE FILM INDUSTRY TO THE GOVERNMENT

This deputation, representative of the British film industry, visited the Home Office with such good effect that a greater part of London was released from the cinema closure ban

A DECIDEDLY hopeful official announcement has just gone some way towards alleviating the anxiety of those who depend upon the entertainment industry for their livelihood; but as I write the stage is still suffering from the greatest blow it has received for 300 years. That blow is none the less serious because it was, presumably, inevitable. A good hard smack was delivered in 1642 by unpleasantly good and hard persons for political reasons. Now the reasons are concerned with national rather than moral safety and no one would suggest for a moment that the dealers of that blow are prejudiced, though the black-out and everything connected with it has been criticised (and, in my humble opinion, justly) as being too drastic. But the effect on the profession is equally terrible in either case. The sooner the glimmer of light becomes a cheering glow the better; if it does not we shall hear of some tragedies.

Meanwhile the daily newspapers are continuing to plead for more public amusements. I notice, however, that most of them shout much more loudly for reopened cinemas than for reopened theatres. This is a little unfair. It is true that plenty of people in this country earn their living through the cinema in various ways. But when one prominent journal in its leading articles demands cinemas without even mentioning the theatre at all and remarks that Miss Ginger Rogers should be allowed to "help us win the war" the thing becomes absurd as well as unjust. For the talents and charm of Miss Rogers I have the most profound admiration; by all means let the sight of her and of other film-stars on the silver screen cheer us up. But such folk are not only wealthy but thousands of miles away and it is not likely that the war in Europe will cost them a single dollar.

Why not a plea also for the English actor and actress of the English flesh-and-blood theatre? Their job in keeping our spirits up is equally important. Possibly even more important. For I fancy that at such a time as this public taste will veer towards real people rather than shadows of the screen—particularly towards the comedian in person and the comely female chorus.

Fortunately the theatre is already being allowed to bestir itself after a period of harrowing inanition. The first bit of good news was that the revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which had been doing extraordinarily good business at the Globe, was to come to the Golder's Green Hippodrome, which thus has the distinction of being the first London theatre to reopen. Of course, this must not be interpreted as a harbinger of universal prosperity in theatreland. But it is at least a good sign and plenty of plans are in progress.

At present there are fourteen theatres as well as some music-halls open throughout the country—not, of course, a vast amount, but by the time you read this there will almost certainly be more. I certainly sympathise, by the way, with the managers of the theatres at Richmond and Kew, who have pointed out that although cinemas in that district have been allowed to open they have to remain closed.

Several London successes are to go on tour. Dame Marie Tempest in *Dear Octopus* and Miss Diana Wynyard in *Design for Living* will do this after a preliminary sojourn at Golder's Green. *Spotted Dick*, the new Ben Travers farce which amused me vastly at the Strand just before the Darkness came, is also to tour the provinces. Mr. Gordon Harker's new show, *Saloon Bar*, is already being played in Birmingham, and I like the cheery optimism of his announcement, "prior to West End production." And I imagine that, with a bit of luck, the Old Vic company, who are now continuing at Buxton with the interrupted festival, will eventually come home to the Waterloo Road.

PHILIP PAGE

A NOEL COWARD SHOW IN PREPARATION FOR THIS WEEK'S OPENING AT BLACKPOOL

Design For Living was booked for opening on Monday at the Grand Theatre, Blackpool. Left to right—Anton Walbrook, Alan Wells, Harold French, Rex Harrison, and Diana Wynyard going over the script in London

"TORSO CORNER": *The Stirring Sight in the Royal Borough*

SWEATING CHEERFULLY IN THE NATION'S CAUSE

Bare-chested workers outside the National Theatre site in South Kensington filling sandbags with marvellous energy and good will

A HIVE of terrific activity has sprung up by the side of the site of the National Theatre in South Kensington. Ten days ago a load of sand was dumped in the road connecting the Cromwell Road and the Old Brompton Road; it was followed by the arrival of some sandbags: it was a modest beginning for what is now a remarkable sight. You need no training, there is no red tape; age, sex or class are no embargo: the church, the stage, the debutante, the daily worker doing a couple of hours work on his way home, elderly ladies, young men waiting to be called up.

You just arrive and a moment later you are either shovelling, holding a bag open or just humbly tying the filled sack. A lorry with "R.B.K." chalked on its side arrives, is backed with incredible skill, the end lowered, the heavy sacks are hurled in, a crew of four or five climbs up on top and then off to sandbag some hospital. There is never a hitch, always a lorry arrives with sand for the bags and as a vast mound of filled bags piles up, an empty lorry is backing in to collect them.

During the warm weather of the earlier days of this terrific voluntary effort, dress became more and more sketchy: Riviera outfits were the normal wear. A few weeks ago it would have been startling to see in London a lorry going off with several young men on top with beautifully bronzed bodies, a pair of shorts and shoes their only apparel. Time marches on, and it takes more than that to surprise us now. Ernest Thesiger, bare from the waist upwards, his sole attire a pair of khaki shorts, stockings and sandals, has been seen sitting on a filled sack and tying, or as he calls it, "doing a little sewing." With the movements of the thermometer the nature of the working apparel has altered. A cool draughty wind from Thurloe Square brings out the singlets, blouses and sweaters with a rush. Even then colour schemes are not abandoned. Mauve turbans and top-knotted handkerchiefs add a sparkle of colour which makes all the occupants of passing buses gape and comment.

The bags are no longer filled with sand but with heavy soil from Hyde Park and so deep has the pit become that some of the foundations of the great exhibition of 1851 are now visible. Prince Albert might feel sad if he knew that the site of his great effort for the peace of the nations was now supplying war material, but there is a fine spirit in this unconventional spot and the health of the workers is benefiting as well.

E. Powell-Jones

IN ANY VARIETY OF WEATHER THEY KEEP THE LORRIES FILLED

A board is exhibited (bottom right-hand corner in above picture) showing the huge totals reached by the Kensington voluntary workers

"The Young Visitors"

What Happened In Our Eastern County Village

THE population of our village has varied hardly at all during the last 200 years, continuing to be rather less than 450. It consists almost entirely of farm labourers and their wives and children, the nucleus being the rector and the school teachers, butchers and bakers, postmen, carpenter, blacksmith and so on. We have no regular bus route, and there is no "big house" in the village. Indeed, it is as countrified and as self-contained a hamlet as any in England.

To such a place the evacuation of schoolchildren from London was probably even more of an adventure than it was in the more sophisticated places.

Night after night during the crisis the wireless told us to listen carefully to the instructions for evacuation. Night after night we heard exactly at what time the children were to be at their schools in London, and what they were to bring with them. But never a word of help or encouragement did the people in the reception areas get. Did the forty-eight hour rations which the evacuees were to receive mean that the villagers were not to feed them at all during the first two days, or were they to get in extra food at once?

Never a word seems to have been said to the parents and children in the big cities as to how kind the cottagers were being in taking utterly strange children into their homes, feeding, washing and mending for them, and looking after their health and behaviour.

It never seems to have been suggested to the evacuees that although the Government was paying the "foster parents" a few shillings a week, these foster parents were in fact being extremely kind and hospitable, and in taking in other people's children, accepting a great deal of responsibility and extra work and that therefore the parents and children ought to be grateful and try to help. Had there been an air raid on London the evacuees would have been grateful indeed.

They came to our village these London children, thirty-six of them with one teacher and three helpers, on the first day of the evacuation. They came from North London, and none of them had ever seen such a country place as ours. They arrived by bus from our nearest town at lunch time and were all assembled in the schoolroom while the business of registering them and allotting them to families was gone through. They were all quite cheerful though very thirsty, drinking several cups of water each. Most of them were boys between the ages of seven and eleven, though there were a few as young as four and five and two girls of thirteen, these being brothers and sisters of the schoolboys.

They were billeted out in families, and I confess I found it a little embarrassing at first when, having piled three children and their luggage into the car and taken them to a slightly outlying cottage, I had to knock at the door and tell the owner of the house that I had brought her three children. Being midday the men were all out at work and in most cases the woman who opened the door did all her own work and washing with a husband and children of her own to look after. To ask her to look after three more seemed a tall order. But almost without exception she was kindness and hospitality itself. "Oh, yes, I said I'd take some children. I wondered how many they would send me. Come along in, dears, you must be tired. What are your names? I hope you'll like being in the country."

As for the children, they seemed principally excited and happy, insisting that pigs were cows and exclaiming at everything. Within an hour or two the village was alive with them. One or two of the older ones were a little upset, but all the rest took it as a splendid country holiday.

But boys will be boys, and by next day there were many tales of how they had let the hens out, thrown sticks and stones at the apples, and then probably eaten them green. Strangest of all was the intense disgust most of the children expressed at the fresh country food. So long as they were given things out of tins they were happy, but an apple pudding, for instance, and fresh vegetables were refused.

Children from this London area are quite different from the children born and bred in a country village. The town child, for example, chatters away to strangers, whereas the country child is silent and shy. They are, in fact, as different as chalk from cheese, and the effect each will have on the character of the other will be very interesting.

Mothers and fathers in the towns may be missing their children, though they have willingly sent them away, but mothers and fathers in the country have got a great deal of extra work, responsibility and worry. Physically, the town children now in country villages will improve a great deal, and probably morally too. What the country children will get out of it is not yet clear.

M. I. Batten

WOMEN HELP TO RUN THE WAR: Well-known Women of London Society at Work

The Hon. Jacqueline Vereker, daughter of Lord Gort, British Commander-in-Chief

Miss Elspeth Ironside, who is the only daughter of General Sir Edmund Ironside

Mrs. Aird, wife of the Assistant-Secretary at Lord's, now working in the A.F.S.

Miss Hersey Baird, chauffeuse to Gen. Sir W. Kirke, C.-in-C. of the Home Forces

A.T.S. Driver Fielding who is chauffeuse to Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the War Minister

WOMEN KERB-SIDE ARTISTS IN LONDON TOWN

Voluntary Ambulance Service girls busy in the City painting the kerbside which leads from their headquarters to the first-aid post, thus enabling them to find their way more easily during the black-out

PUZZLE CORNER

An intricate variety of white lines and arrows intended, presumably, to guide and assist motorists during the hours of blackness

PROFESSIONAL TOUCH

An ex-service man, who was a painter and out of work, painting car bumpers and wings, at 6d. per vehicle, whilst their owners are at work

A NEW SIGN

The large "P" painted in the road to warn motorists at night that they are approaching a pedestrian crossing and must use caution

MECHANICAL PAINTER

A new gadget which paints those interrupted white lines which are now a common feature in the centre of London's streets

MAKING A LITTLE GO A LONG WAY

How to Get the Most Out of Your Petrol Ration

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

BY the time these words of mine appear in print, and owing to war-time conditions the interval is longer than usual, most motorists will be busy scheming out how to make the best of their petrol rations. The Government are certainly to be congratulated on having all the machinery ready to start a rationing scheme for petrol so early in the war. It is not unlikely, of course, that later on more petrol may be available for general cousumption. Many post offices ran out of a supply of ration books for cars of 10 h.p. and under, but the delay in obtaining a fresh stock was in most instances sufficiently short not to inconvenience anyone very seriously. The procedure to be complied with in obtaining a ration book was as simple as could be and it looks as if the rationing will be fairly carried out and the loopholes for misguided people who want to obtain an unofficial supply are few.

Roughly speaking, the amount allowed should permit the car owner to cover approximately 200 miles in a month. If pleasure motoring, to which this rationing principally applies, is confined to week-ends, owners will be able to cover approximately 50 miles on Saturday afternoons or Sundays. Considering that we are engaged in a very serious war this allowance is definitely generous and should enable people who are busy working all the week to obtain relaxation and the benefits derived from travelling in the fresh air each week-end.

Obviously, everyone will try to obtain the greatest possible mileage from the petrol allowed them, and it must be remembered that endeavours in this direction cannot possibly be considered unpatriotic. Immediately after the last war I well remember competing in a petrol consumption trial organised by the Junior Car Club, and my mount was a 9-h.p. Standard. I cannot remember what its normal petrol consumption was, but I should imagine that it was in the neighbourhood of 32 or 33 m.p.g. I was fortunate enough to win the competition, because I actually covered over 87 miles to 1 gallon of petrol.

I would like to make it quite clear that I am not suggesting that it is either advisable or gives pleasant motoring to tune up one's car in order to obtain a similar mileage, but the figures I have mentioned will serve to show that with care, attention and skill much can be done, not only to the car, but to the method of driving in order to cover far more miles to the gallon than one would in normal circumstances. It must be remembered that tuning a car in this way means that the all-out maximum speed must of necessity be reduced.

Perhaps in these days the average owner is not sufficiently conversant with the mechanism of his car to tackle the job of tuning himself, but any average garage can be depended upon to adjust the carburettor and generally tune the car to give the owner a much greater mileage per gallon than he is enjoying at the moment. The first thing is to reduce the size of the main jet of the carburettor and try experiments in altering the choke tube. A thinner grade of oil in the gearbox and back axle will also assist but, of course, a careful watch must be kept on the levels because a thin oil will leak out more readily. Any measures to reduce the friction of the transmission system should be taken. For instance, make quite certain that the brakes are not rubbing and that the wheels are all in perfect alignment. If there are universal joints in the transmission system which require oil they should be kept well lubricated.

Coming now to the actual driving of the car it will be found that at moderate speeds, probably between 30 and 40 m.p.h., the engine will not consume nearly so much petrol as if high speeds are indulged in. Be very careful where a hand-operated choke is provided not to keep it in longer than necessary and, of course, whenever the car is brought to a standstill the engine should be immediately switched off.

It is surprising how many miles can be covered without consuming any petrol at all by coasting down even slight hills with the engine switched off. Unless one has had previous experience a driver may find a little difficulty in getting the gear lever into engagement whilst the car is running and the engine has been stopped. It must, of course, be restarted before any attempt is made to put the gear in and it must be revved up so that the r.p.m. are approximately what they should be at that particular moment had the gear not been disengaged.

I would advise all motorists when going out on their journeys not to cut the safety margin of the petrol in the tank down too much, because if miscalculation has been made and the car should come to a standstill owing to the petrol being exhausted, it looks to me as if the unlucky driver and his passengers will have a very difficult job in reaching home. At the moment of writing it is not clear whether garages will be given a supply of fuel for use in breakdown cars so that stranded motorists can be towed to the nearest repair depot.

The Hillman programme for 1940, if it is proceeded with, will consist of an entirely new Minx and a greatly improved Hillman Fourteen. The Minx in its new form is an even more interesting car than its predecessor. First of all, it embodies a new feature of construction which mates the chassis and body so as to form what is virtually one rigid structure. This design gives enormous strength to the car and also reduces the weight. Actually the 1940 Minx is almost a hundredweight lighter than the previous model. With a lighter car it is not difficult to appreciate that the already remarkable performance of the Minx has been greatly improved. Another advantage of this design is a monopiece floor, which effectively prevents any dust or fumes entering, as they so often do, through the floor-boards. There are other ingenious features in the design which are made possible by the adoption of this system of having the body and chassis all in one.

The six-window saloon body of the new Minx offers many advantages, the chief perhaps being the generous luggage accommodation, which actually provides double as much enclosed space as was formerly given. The mechanical specification of the Fourteen remains unchanged but the frontal appearance of the car has been improved by remodelling the radiator grille and other parts of the front of the car. The manufacturers have introduced a new special saloon which has more luxurious coachwork and is fitted with Lockheed hydraulic brakes.

Now that some time has elapsed since Sir Malcolm Campbell and Mr. John Cobb put up their respective world's records one can all the better appreciate what wonderful achievements these men of speed accomplished. I had the privilege of inspecting *Blue Bird* and the Railton whilst they were under cover at Brooklands in two neighbouring buildings. Both of them were on the premises of Messrs. Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands) Ltd. who were working on them. It is a little difficult to add to all the nice things which have been published and spoken regarding the skill and courage of Sir Malcolm Campbell. These qualities of his have been tested and proved to be 100 per cent. on many previous occasions and so it is impossible for me to add any more.

LATEST FOR 1940

The new "Special" Hillman Fourteen which has just been introduced. This has many refinements, including hydraulic brakes, and a wealth of luxurious equipment

Cool Interlude

FRENCH MOBILISATION

(Continued from page 454)

In the first days of the crisis it was difficult to estimate the extent of the evacuation, for in August Paris is normally evacuated for the coast and the country. But on the night that Parisians learned that Hitler had refused to negotiate, there was little doubt that it started. For many months citizens knew to what part of France they would have to go in case of a general evacuation. Every district of Paris had been assigned to a provincial area, and though they were not forced to go there, they had the advantage of being given a free rail voucher if they fell in with official instructions.

The concierges, whether men or women, were appointed the "sergeant-majors" of evacuation. They were responsible for all the citizens residing in their blocks of apartments.

Trains coming into Paris from the south and western coasts were crowded, as people rushed back to collect what personal belongings they could and start off again for the country. Those who had spent their holiday camping were the best off; they merely replenished their equipment and set off by motor-car, cycle or merely on foot as hikers. These "crisis gipsies" are now spread all over the provinces from the outskirts of Paris to the Pyrenees. Some whole families minus their menfolk of military age took to the open road, and made their homes in meadows or on the Atlantic sea coast.

An army of men with the pots of blue paint and large brushes began to change the face of the centre of Paris. Plate-glass windows of famous Rue Royale houses soon began to look like police stations.

But Paris still did not believe that war was imminent. It was not until the news came through of the German attack on Poland that real evacuation started. The population had been warned throughout the week that "those who had no real urgent need to remain in the city are advised to leave."

The news was published in the noon editions of the evening papers. As newsboys ran through the streets displaying the glaring headlines, "Warsaw and Cracow bombed," the exodus began. In less than an hour every taxi between the Place de l'Opera and the Etoile was hailed. Out they sped to apartments in the city and suburbs to be filled with wife, child, pet dog and cat, canary, and bedding piled high on the roof. Until midnight these taxis roared out of the city, which is well designed for a hasty evacuation with broad avenues and boulevards radiating from the centre.

People who determined to stay, but previously had not bothered about collecting a gas-mask soon began to form queues at the distribution centres nearly a quarter of a mile long. In the afternoon of that fateful Friday the Place de la Concorde slumbered lonely and deserted in the warm sunlight. In the gardens of the Tuileries—usually a children's playground, and an idlers' paradise—I met only four people. One was a six-year-old child sailing a boat in the pond; the second was an old man reading a book on a wooden bench; and the third and fourth were a couple of lovers who walked arm in arm under the chestnut trees.

Two of the cafés in the fashionable Rue Royale closed and put up notices that mobilisation had taken away their available staff. The Grand Boulevards were practically deserted, except for excited groups of people who gathered in the small bars and argued as to how long it would take to defeat Hitler.

That night the lights of Paris really went out. A single light on a table in the Place du Tertre, Montmartre, was the only evidence of the night life that usually throngs the Montmartre home of artists and writers. Montparnasse wore an air of wistful gaiety, while cars poured down the boulevard.

A white moon rising over Sacre Cœur had a new significance that night. For Parisians began to ask themselves, "will they raid us to-night?" But as the expected raid did not come by the time cafés and restaurants closed, they went home to bed and slept peacefully.

France's general mobilisation machinery began to move with clock-like efficiency on the morrow. In thousands of homes, husbands or sons packed socks and shirts into their suit-cases and left for their centres. Soon the streets were a mass of uniforms—some of the old war sky-blue type; others with the new khaki, while in many cases reservists wearing civilian clothes carried a shrapnel helmet under their arms which had seen service in 1914.

The declaration of war by France was taken very calmly by the people. There was no shouting or cheering, but set, determined faces, marking the resolution of a realistic people. Since large numbers of people had left the city, the cafés were deserted. In the middle of these deserted streets the appearance of policemen armed with shrapnel helmets and gas masks signified the preparedness with which cities must face modern war.

WARDENS OF THE RIVER

(Continued from page 458)

we were moored. A.R.P. wardens can be thankful that they will not have to encounter them.

Otherwise, like the land wardens, we must report accidents, be ready for first aid and give treatment, and above all keep traffic open and moving on the important Thames highway. In the event of a raid we must be ready for any eventuality, and the spirit of the troops, as the bulletins put it, is magnificent.

The skipper of our crew was a company director whom none of his staff would recognise in slacks, blue jersey, and a motor racing jacket hauled out from a distant cupboard where it had rested for ten years since he gave up driving at Brooklands. With him he carried the standard equipment of gas-mask, goggles, mackintosh trousers and coat, tin helmet, sea boots, yachting cap, and the special log issued for the job.

Nor would any of his staff believe that their boss, a director of a motoring firm who saw service in the last war, could cook an incredibly good meal in a tiny galley and cheerfully wash the greasy dishes afterwards, while singing rather untunefully the "Lily of Laguna," leaving the same galley spotlessly clean and tidy.

One lot of meat rations—the third in succession—was more than suspiciously high, in fact visibly so, but by dint of plenty of meat essence, sherry, onions, and every available highly flavoured essence in our tiny larder he produced a stew of enjoyable, original flavour.

Some of the R.E.S. sleep in billets, some on board. One man is always on watch on the yachts, which vary from 10 m.p.h. cruisers to the speed boats which bump over the water and deliver a message quicker than by telephone.

Women play their part in the crews; in blue flannel trousers, or dungarees and yachting caps they look and are efficient. Some have offered their own motor yachts, some are merely crew, but, turn and turn about, they take part in the patrols, or keep watch for the eight-hour turns when they are on duty.

A duke is at work guarding the Thames. A member of the Government has sent two ships. A garage hand is running his own launch, which he built himself, and which is highly efficient. All mess together.

It is just another example of the spirit of the nation, which old Father Thames can be said to typify, very dangerous when roused, but quiet and calm to peace lovers. Now Father Thames is guarded as never before. Regulars and amateurs keep their ceaseless watch, but every man and woman is efficient. And the friendship of the river is going to be a thing to be valued.

Already I am proud of knowing Bill, Frank, Jim, as well as Sir Blank Important, all of whom I meet when off duty playing darts. Unfortunately I am only a reserve in the crew. I wish I was a regular.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society's budget has increased owing to evacuation, securing buildings in safe areas and A.R.P. at present country Homes. These items have been a very heavy expense. Readers of THE SPHERE are asked not to forget the 1,165 poor boys and girls that are constantly being maintained and trained by the Society. Will readers please send donations to help fight the debts, and so help them to carry on the Society's "National Service." Headquarters are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address all donations will be gratefully acknowledged.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Clacton.—Grosvenor Court.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.

SCOTLAND—*continued*

Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Safe and Comfortable War-time Holidays in South Wales

I HAVE been meaning all the summer to write of South Wales, and now, writing in the shadow of the war, is a particularly appropriate moment; for, not unnaturally, I have been deluged with inquiries for this district, which does indeed offer a degree of safety, combined with natural attractions which it would be hard to beat.

In a short article like this, it is impossible to cover the whole of the ground. And so, let me say to my readers—as the shop-keepers sometimes say to their customers—"if you don't see what you want in the window, please ask!" Any inquiries which you may wish to address to me on the subject, either of South Wales or other suitable situations for war-time holidays and residence, I shall answer to the best of my ability.

To begin with, in South Wales we need go no farther than Porthcawl. One might call Porthcawl beautiful. It has a beautiful coast, and from some of its hotels you can look over to Somerset and Devon. The beach in part of Porthcawl itself is just rock—and lovely to look at. But for children and those who want bathing, there is Rest Bay, which possesses a superb stretch of firm sand.

Porthcawl is chiefly famed for its golf links, some of the finest in our islands; and to it each year come golfers of every calibre. But it is also visited by holiday-makers who desire nothing more than the quiet selectiveness and genial entertainment of this unique little place.

Of hotels there are several, and each in its way is good. If you want a gem in a small way, I have just the place for you—home-made cakes and all! If, on the other hand, you prefer something which is really out of the ordinary in its magnificence, again I can turn your footsteps in the right direction. Indeed, the principal hotel in Porthcawl—if I may so describe it—is rather specially remarkable.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to quote from a letter received from a reader, who actually stayed there on my recommendation.

She writes: "I don't know where to start telling you about this hotel. It is the largest and loveliest in Wales. You know what a lovely sun lounge they possess, and the dining-room is equally as bright. No matter what month of the year one came, I think one could always say 'Ideal.' In this hotel, all is right for both young and old. The old have the comfort and the brightness, the young have plenty of amusement. I have seen all the kitchens, the kitchen garden, the flower garden, the garages—and everywhere I have been is order, method and cleanliness."

Over-praise, you ask? Perhaps anything is over-praise to some people. Yet this is a genuine quotation from someone who has visited this place and found it as good as, or better than, I told her. Do you wonder that I consider Porthcawl to be a place of opportunities? And when you remember that its opportunities are concerned not only with itself but with the enjoyment of all the lovely scenery of South Wales, from Cardiff all round the coast of Pembrokeshire and up to Aberystwyth, you will see that there is some ground for the statement that South Wales offers to the traveller something more satisfying than coal mines and black valleys.

To write of Porthcawl alone of all that South Wales has to offer is perhaps an insult to some of its rivals—many of them lovely places which bear comparison with any in Devon or Cornwall.

Yet perhaps Porthcawl is truly as good a centre as any for exploring them, and with it as your headquarters you will find out for yourself the pleasures and delights of Tenby and the whole of Carmarthen Bay, of St. David's and the south part of Cardigan Bay, and, not least, of the lovely hinterland between Wales and England, which we call the Welsh Marches and the Valley of the Wye.

There will be plenty of occasions in touring South Wales by car when you will have to go through urban and built-up areas; but beyond them you will find plenty of places in which it seems almost impossible to imagine a city within 200 miles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

K. L., Barnet.—I appreciate your desire to move your mother farther away where she will have peace of mind, and from what you tell me there are two hotels which I think would suit her purpose admirably. One is Elfordleigh Hotel at Plympton, on the edge of Dartmoor, and yet very accessible from Plymouth. It is a lovely country house hotel situated very peacefully in its own grounds. There are plenty of good-sized bedrooms looking out over a very peaceful, pleasant park. There is always a certain amount of life there, as there is a nine-hole golf course immediately in front of the house. Even if your mother has no car I do not think she would find it dull there, and Mr. and Mrs. Barrow Dowling, the resident proprietors, are constantly going into Plymouth and could change her library books.

The other suggestion is rather a similar type of country house hotel, Burley Manor at Burley in the New Forest. It has recently come under the direction of new resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham, and they are able to bring to bear all their experience of hotel keeping. It is now a first-class hotel and the whole place is most excellently furnished with central heating in every bedroom. The matter of home-grown supplies presents no difficulty here. The grounds are simply packed with fruit and vegetables which I should imagine would keep several regiments going for quite a long time.

W. A., Finchley.—When you can get away for your honeymoon, here is the perfect spot for you, the Cliffside Hotel at Newton Ferrers, South Devon. It is an unspoilt place, really undiscovered, and not, I suppose, ten miles from Plymouth. The hotel itself is perched on the high banks of the river Yealm, so from practically every window there is a perfect panorama of water, small yachts swinging at anchor, and trees. The climate is mild; frost and snow are practically unknown and in short it is a delectable place in which to forget the war and just "moon"!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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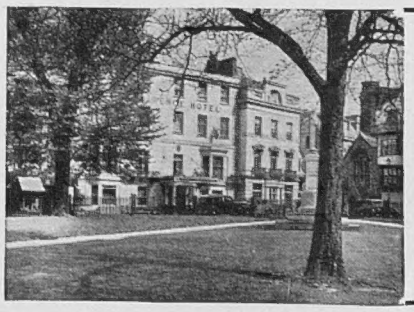

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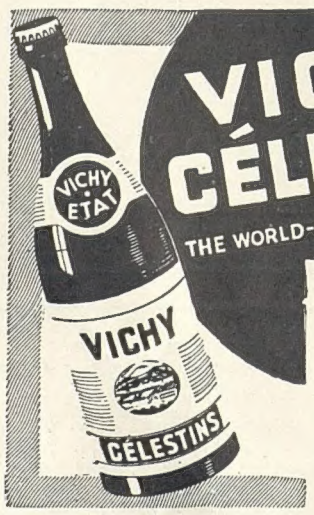

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